TRUE STORIES OF THE AMERICAN WEST

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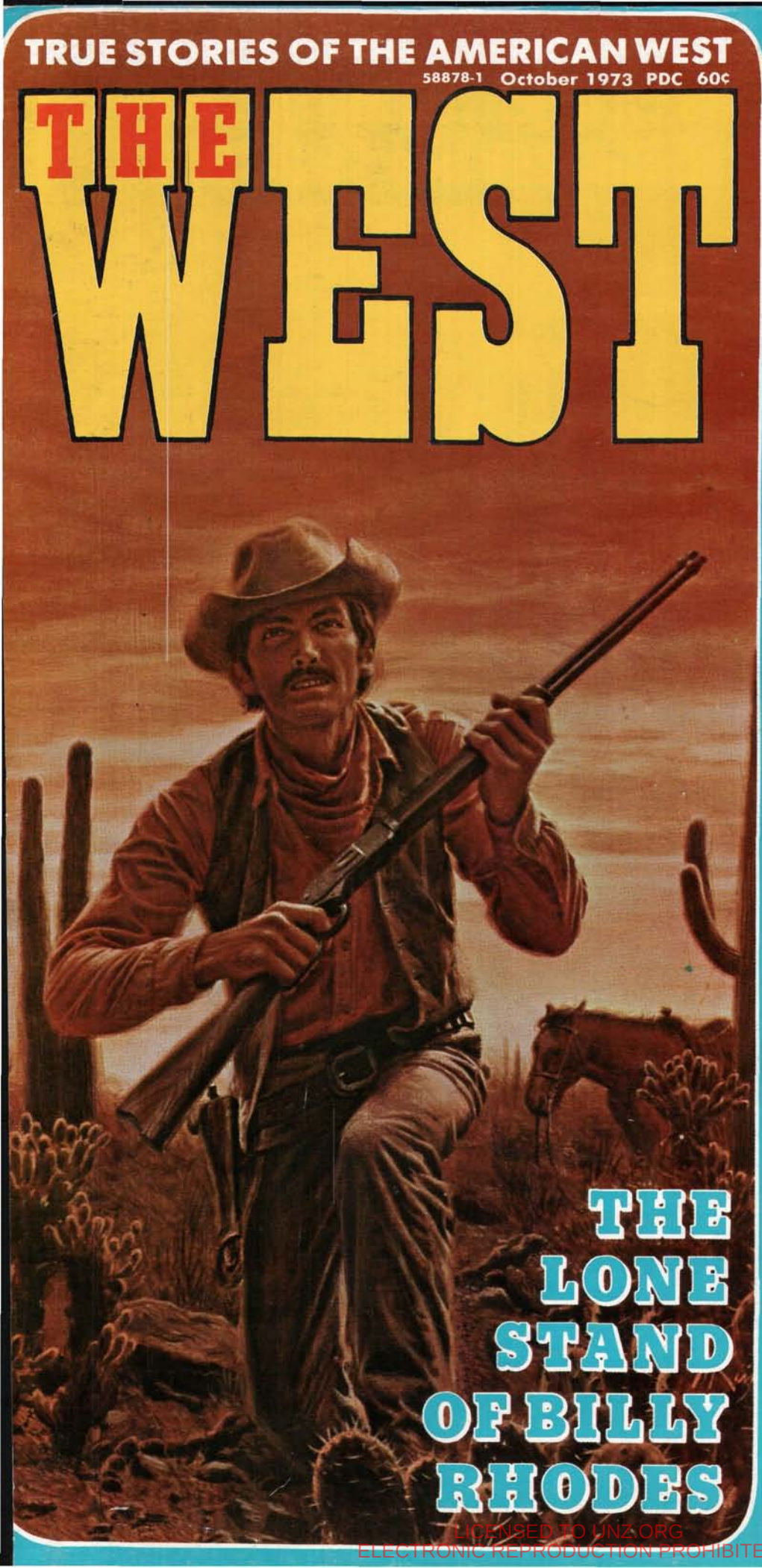
THE WEST



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TRUE STORIES OF THE GREAT AMERICAN WEST

THE WEST

OCTOBER 1973 VOLUME 17, NUMBER 3

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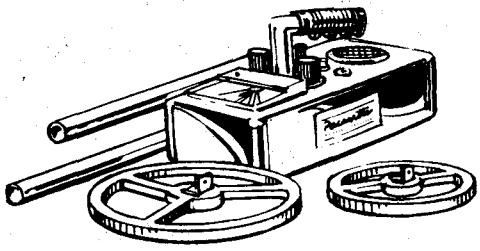

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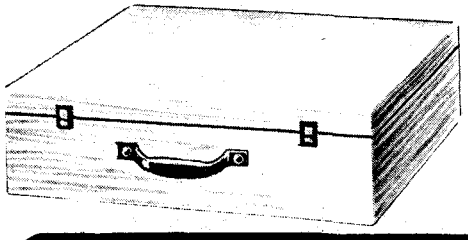

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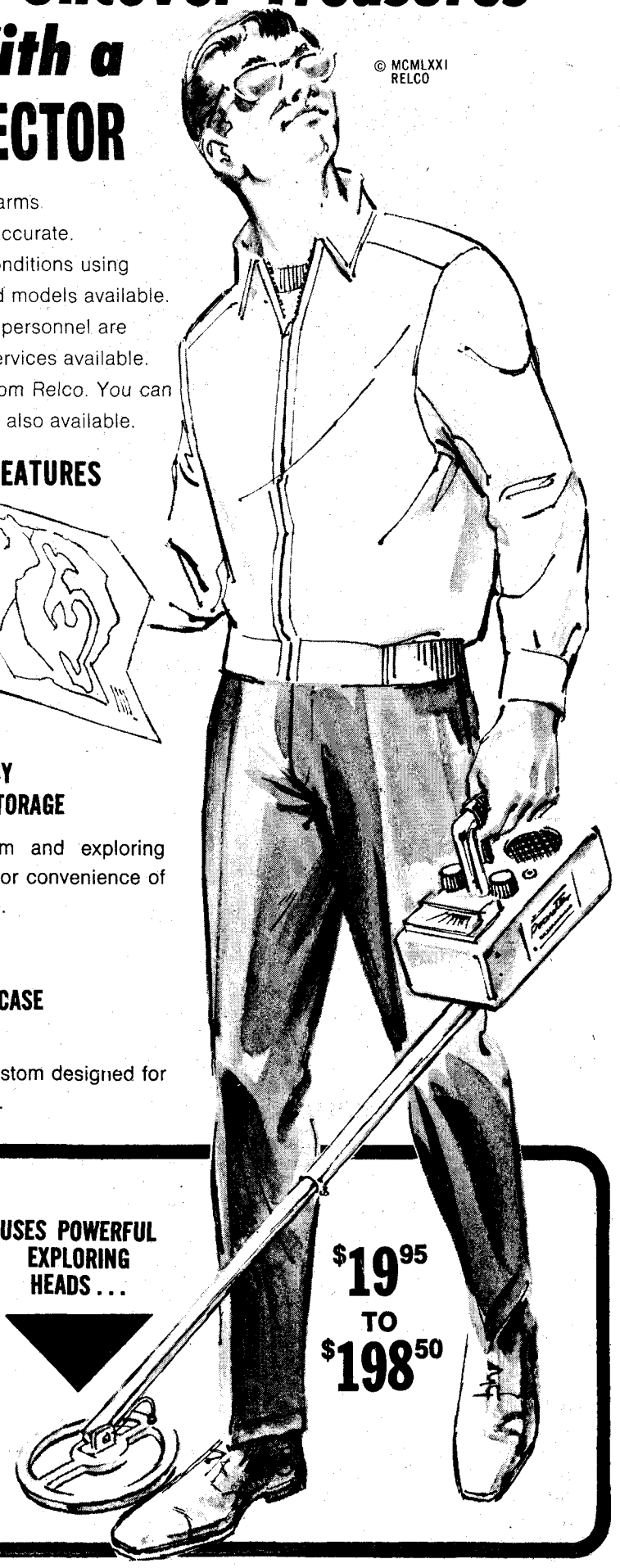

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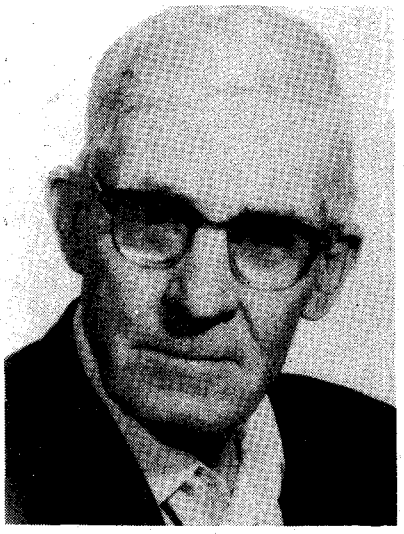

By Bill Salisbury

ME AND ALCOHOL

THIS IS PROBABLY going to be a rather long, drawn out tale but I feel I must write it in full so that everyone can get the full impact of what alcohol can do to you and what bearing I feel it had on my life.

Now I know about drinking, social and otherwise, as I have been there, having lived a disconnected life with very little supervision when I was young.

I worked in the coal mines. The work was hard and pleasures around the coal camp were few, so most everyone drank, bootleg whiskey, home brew or chalk beer.

Some of us miners would come out of the mine at night and instead of going to the bath house and cleaning up we would head out as we were to the nearest bootlegger's and proceed to drink til we'd pass out. And if we had to work the next day they would rouse us long enough ahead of work time to get a couple of drinks before going to work, and just maybe go by the boarding house to get a lunch before going in the mine for another day.

This went on with me for some time till one day I got disgusted with the whole setup and just walked off and headed south, eventually winding up in Durango, Colorado.

I got a job in Durango and met people who were interested in other things besides drinking. Therefore, I began to live a better, cleaner life.

Later on I met my wife, the year 1926. I fell head-over-heels in love with her and vowed to myself, "this is the girl I'm going to marry, no matter what." She appeared to be the most sweet, wholesome thing that walked, which I found later, was because she was a true Christian.

We were married that year and since work was very scarce we decided, as I had been a coal miner for so long, maybe it would work out better if we went back to the mines for awhile. I made no mention of the alcohol problem around the mines.

Next thing you know I am meeting my old buddies and they were begging me to have a drink with them, which I quite often did to the great sorrow and regret of my dear wife.

Soon a son was born to us. He was the glory of our lives, but the Lord only let us keep him for only awhile. Then he took him away at the age of three months and three days.

This nearly broke our hearts and we both did lots of praying and asked the Lord if we possibly were not fit to raise children since the boy died in the night and we did not know what took him. We asked the coroner, Mr. Hyer, who was a fine Christian, for advice.

He said, "Children, this baby died of natural causes. There was nothing you could have done to change it and there is no reason why you should not have other children."

So a year later we had another boy, Chuck, and were very happy. But I began to get arrogant again, now and than taking a little nip when my wife wasn't looking.

Well, since were were out in the car one weekend she wanted to go see her sister in a neighboring camp. We did, even though I knew I'd run into some of my old drinking buddies—which I did—and I proceeded to hang one on.

Well, dear wife came after me and said, "Stop where you are and take me and the baby home!"

So I huffed up and we got in my old Model "T" and started home. On the way down a dirt road we met another car going the opposite way. Being woozy in my head I decided to give him plenty of room, so I pulled clear of the road and into an old well, head first.

After the impact my first thought was Chuck and his mother

"Mother, you okay?" I asked her.

She said, "Yes."

"Our baby?"

"I held him close. He's all right," she said.

Needless to say, me and liquor dissolved partnership there and then. I decided God had given me another chance. Later we had three more fine boys born to our union. Of each we were very proud.

Then we moved back to Durango and being it was depression years we were having it mighty rough. I worked at any kind of labor I could find, and since I had a Model A truck my wife and the boys would go out and find where the sheep had bedded, and with rakes and shovels we'd gather the fertilizer which I sold for two dollars a load when I could find someone able to buy it.

Also, they would drive up in the hills toward Vallecito reservoir and gather wood, bring it home and cut it up into kindling. This, too, would sell for two dollars a load if you could find someone who could afford it.

This went on for some time and I do mean I was getting pretty discouraged, thinking to myself, "will I ever make it till the kids grow up?"

But my dear wife kept saying, "Have faith, God will provide."

Well, one day I met the president of the bank to whom I was trying to sell a load of wood. He said, "Bill, how would you like to go into a very lucrative business for yourself? Something where you could make more money than you ever dreamed of making."

I said, "Well, you know I have a large family and we have known nothing but want, but I'm broke and in debt, so how could I?"

He said, "That is the idea. I've watched you for some time and I think you are my man."

He added, "I don't believe you drink." *(Continued on page 65)*

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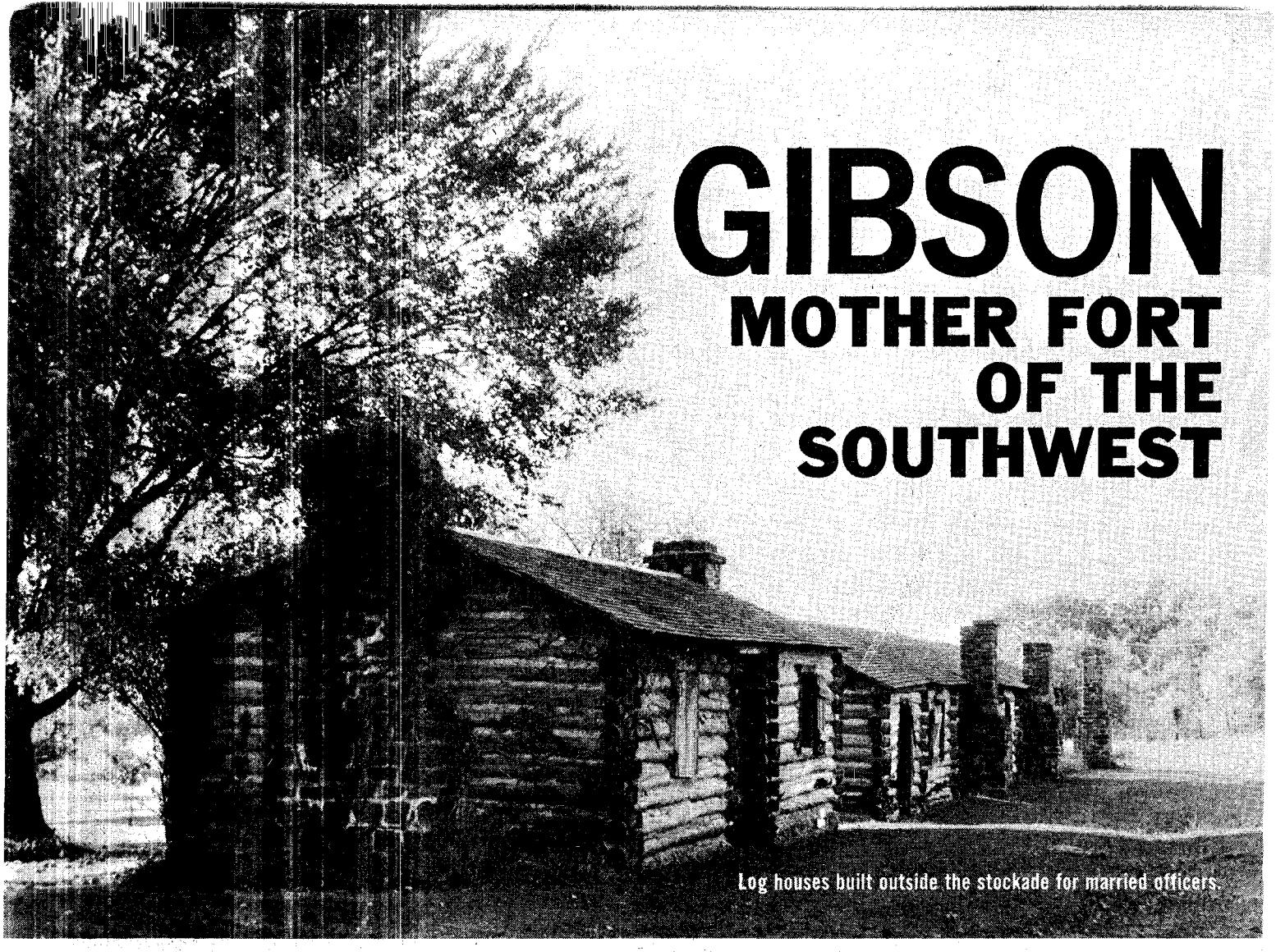

Log houses built outside the stockade for married officers.

GIBSON
MOTHER FORT OF THE SOUTHWEST

ESTABLISHED TO PROTECT ONE TRIBE OF INDIANS FROM ANOTHER, THE GIBSON'S DUTIES EXPANDED TO COVER MOST OF THE PROBLEMS OF THE FRONTIER AREA

by Leola Lehman

THERE WAS A chill in the air one morning in April, 1824, as two long flatboats nosed slowly up the Grand River in what is now Oklahoma. Bearded men in the uniform of the United States Infantry peered upriver. They were looking for a likely place to land, for they were on an important mission. They were going to build a fort to police this wild area.

The Grand River was a fine, wide stream bordered by thick canebrakes and great spreading trees that looked to be centuries old.

The young soldiers kept a sharp lookout, for this was hostile Indian country. More than one among them felt that the eyes of hidden enemies followed them every foot of the way. The boat nosed ahead for about three miles and then a shout went up from the lead boat. Just ahead, on the east side of the river, a wide ledge of rock lay close to the bank. It was a made-to-order boat landing. Quickly the men pulled alongside. They leaped ashore and as they tied their boats to nearby trees a strange voice called: "Hello there!"

The shout echoed in the quiet of that remote land. The new arrivals spun about.

Other uniformed, bearded men ran to meet the infantrymen and off in a tiny clearing in the wilderness a camp with horses and oxen grazing close by could be seen. These men had come overland to help with the task of building a fort. There were a total of 122 officers and men of the Seventh Infantry. The fort they built on that far southwestern frontier was Fort Gibson.

This fort was to be built for the unique purpose of defending one tribe of Indians from another. The Cherokee hunting parties were being attacked by the warlike Osage tribe. The savage fights which resulted were fast making the plains a charnel house. It was decided that since the Osage could not be controlled from the nearest garrison Fort Smith, a new fort should be built far out on the untouched frontier near the villages of the Osage. Here the army could keep a close eye upon these determined and ferocious warriors.

Perhaps, too, the authorities thought that when the eastern tribes were moved into this territory there would have to be some means of restraint over all of the Plains Indians. The settled tribes of the southeast had taken up the ways of their

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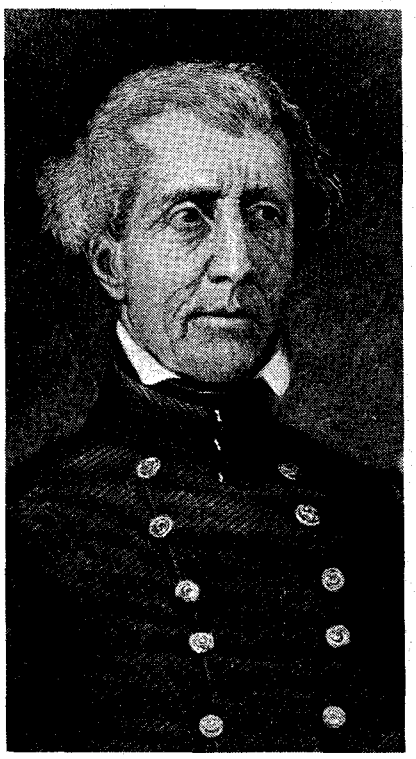
Barracks that housed the Ft. Gibson cavalry troops.

Author's Photo

Brig. Gen. Stephen W. Kearney.



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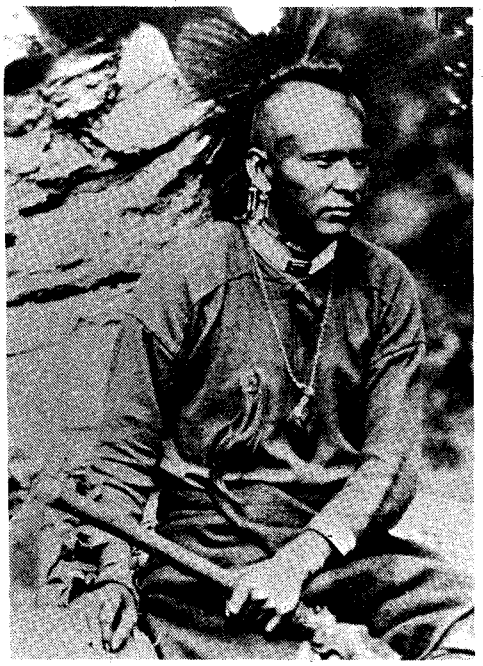

An Osage warrior. Brave fighters, they tried to hold their hunting grounds against enemies.

white neighbors and would need protection from the warlike nomads of the Plains.

The infantrymen went to work clearing an area of trees and thick growing canes. Saws and axes sounded from morning until night. Great clouds of smoke billowed upward as the brush and tree limbs were burned. And then the log walls of buildings began to go up. Log stables made up two sides of a large quadrangle while the other two sides were made into quarters for the men and for necessary supplies. Blockhouses at the corners provided observation points for lookouts. Then a log stockade was built all around as protection against a surprise attack from the Indians.

Fort Gibson was ready for occupancy early in 1826. This fort the farthest west of any army outpost was for many years the most important and most heavily manned of any along the long frontier from Canada to Mexico. From this fort, the first efforts were made to contact the warlike tribes of the southwestern plains to establish peace between them and other Indians and the whites.

During its early years Fort Gibson was a rugged place to live. Bears, wolves and panthers prowled the crowded forest. On the adjacent prairies huge herds of buffalo, wild horses and countless deer provided hunting sport and fresh meat for the men quartered there.

After the fort was garrisoned keelboats brought supplies up the Arkansas River and then up three miles of the Grand to the natural boat landing. When these supply boats left they carried out loads of furs and pelts. Chief of the area's Indian traders was Colonel A. P. Chouteau, a West Point graduate who came west with the army and then decided upon a life of trading with the Indians and trappers along the frontier. He gave useful service to the fort many times when knowledge of the Indians and their customs was needed.

IN 1831 the entire Seventh Infantry was ordered to Fort Gibson. Expeditions went out in an effort to contact the tribes to the south and west to negotiate treaties. The Indians proved hard to find and even harder to convince that there was a need for treaties. Many tortuous miles were covered without so much as a glimpse of these crafty warriors.

During the middle 1830's the Five Civilized Tribes were moved into Indian Territory. Fort Gibson gave them protection and even provided food for some of the dispirited and destitute people. The Osage resented these eastern Indians or "frontier Indians" as they were called. This had been Osage hunting ground from the time the oldest among them could remember and they had no intention of allowing other tribes to move in. The Comanche, Kiowa and other tribes farther south in the Territory were equally unwilling to allow the eastern Indians to come in.

The first two expeditions that went out failed to persuade the Indians to come to the fort to talk treaties. But knowledge of the territory's geography and plant and animal life was gained during the junkets. Washington *(Continued on page 44)*

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by Ralph Lebec

Lone Stand Of

...and what about young Tarbox, newly arrived from the State of Maine? Quite likely the very first Apaches he ever saw—were also his very last...

"HELLO, MR. RHODES," they said, "we've come to bury you."

"Well, you've come too soon," Rhodes laughed as he greeted the approaching men.

With a twinkle in his eyes, and walking with an easy gait, Billy Rhodes, with one arm in a sling where he had been wounded by an Apache arrow, and despite a harrowing experience, appeared as cool as an evening breeze.

"Yes, sir," he said again, gayly, "you men came a mite too soon."

They had, indeed, come to bury Billy Rhodes that summer morning. This is one of the great epics of our frontier history, the story of William B. Rhodes, of Rhodes' Ranch. It's the story of a man who actually thought that fighting Indians was fun, and that a hundred-to-one added up to a darn good fight.

The year was 1861, and in that great expansive area below the Gila River known as the old Gadsden Purchase, down in Southern Arizona, events were reaching a hazardous peak.

This big piece of real estate in those days was nothing but a vast wasteland, harsh and savage. Never actually tamed by the Spaniards, it was later sold to the United States by Mexico (1854).

Now, William Rhodes, better known to his intimates as Billy, worked a small spread in this rugged country. Billy hailed from the State of Kentucky, where he was born around 1820. He had come to the old Gadsden Purchase in '55, with Colonel Douglass and Christopher Dodson. For a spell he hunted and supplied game for the mines in the area. By engaging in this business he naturally acquired a good knowledge of the terrain. In 1859, he settled on his modest ranch located about twenty miles south of Tucson, Arizona, along the Santa Cruz River, a tributary of the Gila.

In 1861, the crucial year, the Valley of the Santa Cruz was in a boiling turmoil. The War Between The States had begun in earnest, and across the mountains in the connecting Sonoita Valley, the soldiers at Fort Buchanan had received orders to evacuate. So the boys in blue, the old faithful bastions of the passes, were swinging east to the tune of the Battle Hymn of the Republic. As a result of the troops' removal, all hell had broken loose in the area.

Cochise, the revenge-filled chief of the Apaches, took this movement on the part of the military as a sign of surrender by the hated long knives, and unleashed an unrestricted reign of terror.

Like water bursting through a violently ruptured dam, Cochise and his marauding horde of shrieking Chiricahuas fiercely raged through the unguarded mountain passes. The savages rode rampant over the entire length of the valley. The scattered white population was being massacred on all sides for want of army protection. Family after family were killed and their ranches burned. Behind every tall Saguaro Cactus stood an imaginary Indian.

Even the Mexicans from across the border were taking advantage of the Americans' somber plight... killing and pillaging.

The state of affairs appeared mighty grim in the Valley of the Santa Cruz; most everyone was either leaving in a great hurry, or being buried in a great hurry.

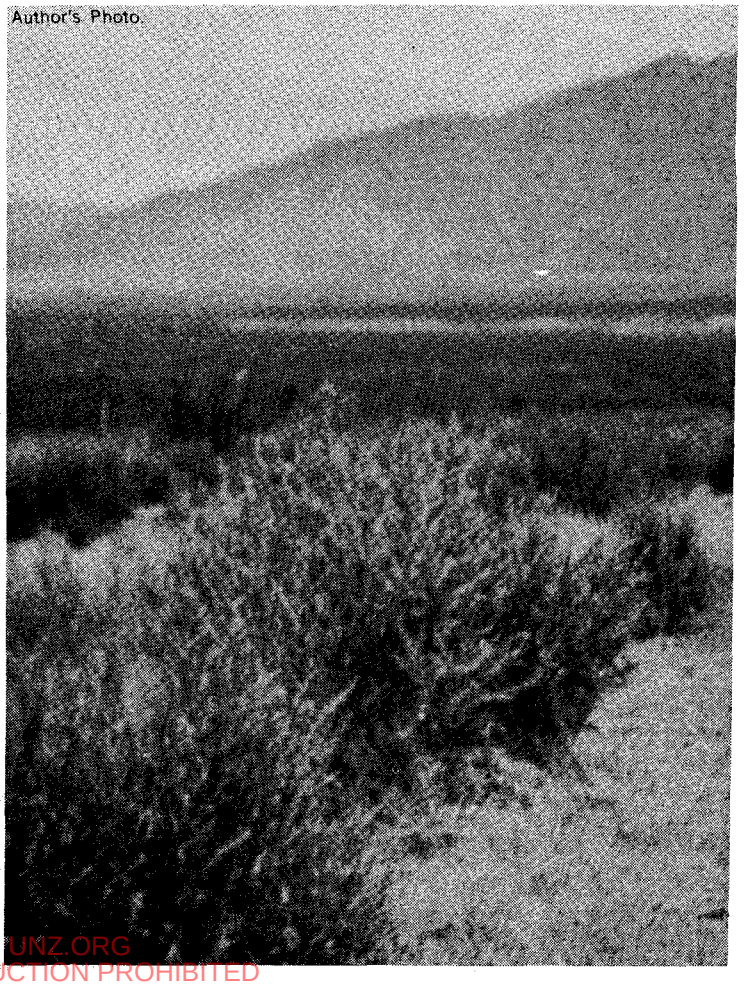
Billy Rhodes was known and well liked up and down the valley. They used to say he was completely ignorant of danger; positively fearless.

Now Billy, too, had decided to leave, but unlike everyone else he was in no great hurry. In his opinion he was a match for any Indian living. So he felt he had no reason to hasten out of the region he had learned to love.

So it was in the summer of that year, 1861, that Billy, in the company of one of his Mexican ranch hands, leisurely headed up the Tucson road from the mining settlement of Tubac. Peeled to the waist on that hot afternoon, with a pistol resting on each hip as he loped along, he was a pillar of confidence. Every now and then he would unconsciously sniff the dry desert air. Billy Rhodes once told a friend that Apaches had a certain distinctive odor that you could smell a mile away.

The ranch hand and Billy followed the dusty highway north, up toward his small spread on the river's edge. He knew every inch of the broad valley. He recognized every Palo Verde, every mesquite and cactus growing along the passing road, every

Billy angled off road here to find sheltered place



Author's Photo

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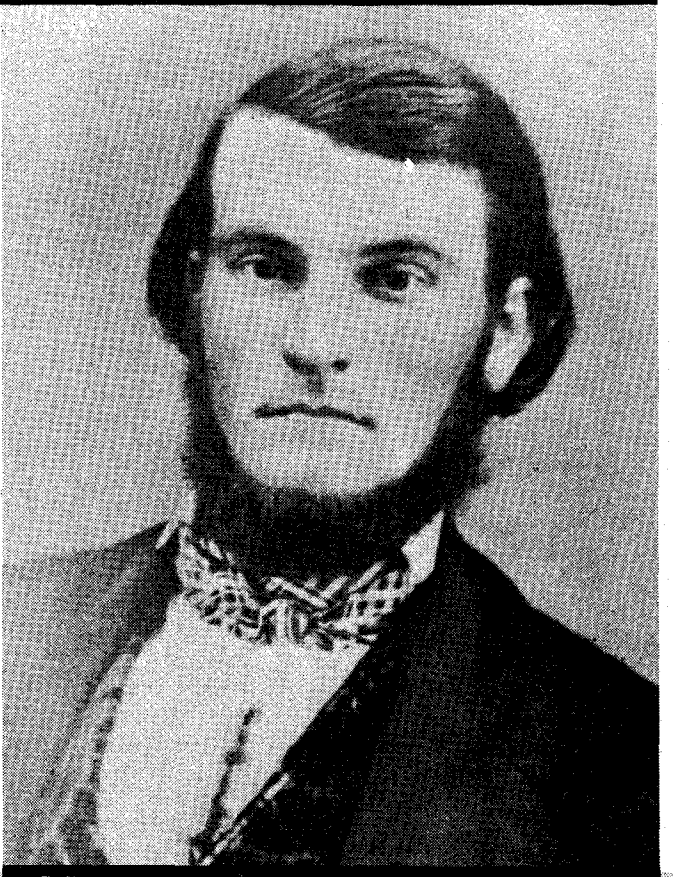
BILLY RHODES

Photo: Arizona Pioneers' Historical Soc.



Billy Rhodes sent his Mexican boy after help, found himself a thicket and took on a hundred Apaches.

weed on its edge. Billy flared his nostrils at the wind, and fingered the pistols on his hips. He was a crack shot with either one. This was to be an eventful day for Mr. William B. Rhodes.

The two men, continuing to travel the dusty roadway, passed the Reventon, a fortified ranch about ten miles from Tubac. Everything was fortified in those days. About four miles further on they rode into the Canoa, a stockade inn, run by a man named Tarbox. There, Billy told Tarbox that he would be back in an hour for supper; that he and his man were going to the ranch which was just a short stretch up the road to round up some stray stock.

Tarbox was a newcomer to the Valley of the Santa Cruz, but like everyone else he had quickly learned to like Billy. He liked his easy and confident manner. Rhodes made it seem as though these dangerous days were no different then any other.

Tarbox was delighted to hear that Billy would be back for supper.

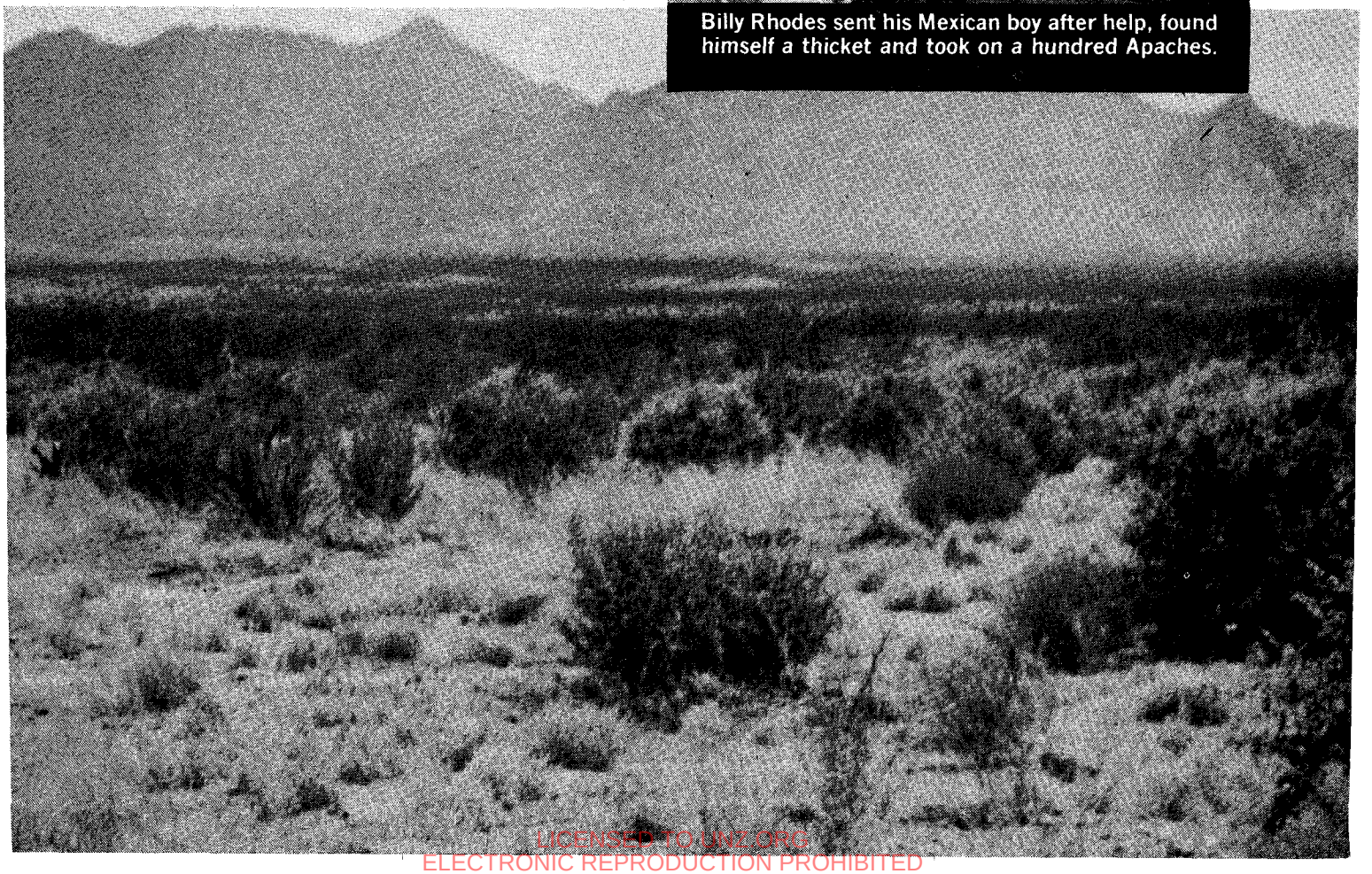
"I'll have a good meal ready for you when you git back, Mr. Rhodes," he exclaimed jubilantly.

Billy and the Mexican ranch hand, whose name was Felix, continued up the road into the torrid afternoon, looking forward to the promised good meal.

They had ridden a mile or so when Billy suddenly stopped and lifted his face to the wind in a quizzical way.

"I smell them savages," he said grimly. Without another word they put spurs to their horses, and with a wake of dust swirling behind, made for the ranch at a gallop.

where he could hold off pursuing Apaches for a while.



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A scene of destruction met their eyes when they pulled up in front of the ranch house. That is, what was left of it. The whole place was a shambles, and the stink of sweaty Indians still permeated the air. The Apaches had run off all of his stock. Nothing was left of the ranch but a wisp of smoke rising from the embers.

"Them goddamned thieving skunks," he whispered to himself. And then, "I think it best we git, and pronto, amigo," he said to Felix.

They wheeled their mounts around and urged them on to greater speed as they headed back to the Canoa.

Now Billy Rhodes was not the vengeful sort, but in later years he confided that could he have had one of those redskins in his grasp that very minute, he would have annihilated him with his bare hands. However, fate was to see that Billy got his revenge.

The two riders were approaching the stockade now, and from a quarter of a mile away they were riding slow and cautious, with eyes peeled for movement. The birds had stopped chirping, things were too quiet around the Inn, and to Billy the scent of Apaches was strongly present.

Keeping naked spurs in a position for sudden prodding, they moved slowly abreast the timbered gate, staying discreetly on the road. Swinging in a slight breeze, a white bloodstained shirt caught their eyes. The red gore appeared fresh against the green of the cacti where it hung. Billy swiftly scanned the surrounding foliage. His frontier instinct sensed an ambush. Then he saw them. Just beyond a clump of Palo Verde, hunched over their ponies so as not to be seen, the savages were silently waiting—waiting for the kill.

Ready spurs literally forced the horses to leap ahead as Billy shouted, "Lets git, hombre," and galloped off over the dusty highway.

The frustrated Apaches, realizing they had been detected, let loose with a paralyzing shriek, and spurted out after the two riders.

It now became a race for life. Billy Rhodes and Felix, his courageous hired hand, galloped madly down the road toward the safety of the Reventon Ranch, four long grueling miles down the valley. The Indians, already tasting the kill, were charging frantically after them, a hundred yards in the rear.

Author's Photo.

C. Poston, Mine Director, came with crew to bury Billy.

Dashing furiously through the violent whirls of dust and heat, Billy fleetingly wondered about the fate of his friend Tarbox, back there at the Canoa. The young man was newly arrived in this region from the State of Maine, and very likely the very first Apaches that he had ever seen were his last. The pall of silence that came from the stockade, and that bloodstained shirt, were a sure indication that he had been murdered by the shrieking heathen now dogging the rancher's trail.

Although momentarily in danger of losing his life, Billy Rhodes kept his head. Indeed, even while he and Felix were rushing pell-mell over the dusty highway, his frontier trained mind was as cool as the proverbial cucumber.

He figured there were close to a hundred howling savages behind them, and this not being a fiction story where a horse's endurance is unfaltering, Billy didn't think his animal could make the four long miles to the safety of the fortified ranch . . . not in the Arizona desert's intense summer heat, anyway.

Billy's courage, and his knowledge of the terrain, came to the fore now. Though his actions thus far had been fast and furious, his mind functioned keenly, as usual.

There was a dense thicket not far off the road, and it was there that he was going to make his stand. His humor in the face of danger also came to the fore. He hurriedly told Felix to continue toward the Reventon for help when he, Billy, left the road.

(Continued on page 48)

Illus.: Arizona Pioneers' Historical Soc.

Confused Indians found Billy Rhodes was too much to handle.

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ROUND-UP TIME

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Q. There's a lot of talk here on the coast about Ginseng. What's it all about? Why buy it, what's it for? A.L., Los Angeles, Cal.

A. Ginseng's a weed that grows all over China and most of the U.S. west. Its scientific name is *Panax Quinquefoliam*. Its advocates, (particularly those who make money selling it), claim it has qualities that make one irresistible to the opposite sex. The U.S. Department of Agriculture denies that it has any such qualities, but you know how stuffy those old scientists are! Anyway, Hollywood is hooked on it, so why should the rest of the country smoke "grass?" Why not chew ginseng? We expect it to soon be on the taboo list...

Q. I wish to leave the U.S. and am thinking of going to Alaska or to Australia. Who may I write to for information? C.C., Piketon, Ohio.

A. Write to U.S. Department of Labor, Washington, D.C. They have all sorts of literature on foreign nations and, of course, the sister states.

Q. What happened to the Indians who survived the Chivington Massacre at Sand Creek? Where did they go? Y.L., Oneonta, N.Y.

A. The survivors, including Chief Black Kettle, dug pits into the hills and bed of the creek and stood off the soldiers until they withdrew, about sundown. Indians who had escaped into the hills and recaptured some of their horses returned to the pits and put their wounded on the horses, taking them up the creek about ten miles. They covered the wounded with grass, built a large fire so they would not freeze. The next morning they proceeded to the Smoky Hill camp of their tribesmen. Though Black Kettle's wife was wounded, she survived. Both were later killed by Custer's Seventh Cavalry at the Washita action, in 1868.

Q. Where can I find books by Will James, the cowboy? David Ellis, R.R. 1, B.C., Canada (via Smithers).

A. Will dealers or book search services help this reader?

Q. Where does the word Chicano, *for Mexican, come from? O.D.C., Washington, D.C.*

A. From the word "Mexicano," as pronounced by the Aztecs, *Meshicano*. Since the "sh" sound does not exist in Spanish, the Conquistadores wrote it with an "x," (as they did where all unfamiliar sounds were concerned; therefore, Mexicano!) From the ending of the word *Mexicano* comes "xicano," which was pronounced "shicano." The sound, *sh*, passed to Chicano, since the *sh* and the *ch* share the same palatal feature. The word has recently come into popular usage by this minority group to show solidarity, unity, even as Negroes now prefer, in many cases, to be called blacks. The writer is indebted to Marcella Trujillo, M.A., for the information.

Q. Where may I get information on Spanish or Mexican clothing and other items? Your help will be appreciated. John Malberbe, 835 Idlewild Ave., Heath, Ohio 43055.

A. Will suppliers of western clothing (particularly Mexican) send this chap your catalogs. Further, will all manufacturers of western clothing and other such items place your name in our advertising columns so that the many, many inquiries we get from readers for catalogs will reach you instead of us? Thanks!

Q. What is the address of the paper, The Mining Record? *T.W.K., Box 824, White Plains, N.Y.*

A. We don't have that one, but we're sure some reader will mail it to you.

Q. Why is Lead, S.D., though spelled lead (led) pronounced as leed? *K.L.D., East Sebago, Me.*

A. It is pronounced as it should be, for a miner's lead (leed) in a vein of ore.

Q. Where can I buy a western poncho such as worn by Clint Eastwood in his films? Donny Chmelik, Box 263, East Bernard, Texas 77435.

A. I don't know, Donny. If western clothing manufacturers don't wake up and and advertise their products (if they have such as this poncho) this Round Up Time page will deteriorate into a clothing catalog.

Q. Is it possible for you to show me a picture of a Diamond Hitch? H.F.K., Siren, Wis.

A. We sure don't have one at hand, but if some reader has a clear photo of one we'll be happy to run it in these columns for this gentleman.

Q. As a great fan of your magazines, can you tell me where I can buy "western" clothing and boots? John H. Ripley, 6 Boyne Road, Hastings, Sussex, England.

A. Paging "western clothing manufacturers again! Will some one tell them to use our advertising pages to help their businesses?

Q. Why didn't Charles M. Russell, the famous Montana western artist, ever paint the greatest battle that occurred in that state, the Battle of the Little Big Horn? D.L., Butte, Mont.

A. With no facts on which to base this judgment, I will offer that Russell, who loved the American Indians and sympathized with them, never wished to portray them wiping out the U.S. Cavalry under Colonel George A. Custer. Russell seemed to have small interest in the Cavalry, his prime interest being directed toward the Cowboy, the Indian and the other less pretentious individuals of that era —prospectors, gamblers, freighters, etc. He did, however, paint several works of Indians fighting Indians, leaving the work of the Cavalry to his esteemed contemporaries, Remington and Schreyvogel.

Q. What has been the overall effect of the Gun Control Act, passed by Congress in 1968? L.X. O'D., Cambridge, Mass.

A. Gun sales have decreased; ammunition sales have dropped; the Act has scared legitimate gun buyers off. Outlaws still can obtain guns; crime rates have risen. The politicians have moved away from this once-popular legislation toward the more popular "pollution" theme for votes.

Q. Is it true that the American Indian discovered the use of quinine for malaria fever (once called ague)? G.L., Huachuaca City, Ariz.

A. Yes, the *South* American Indians of Peru used quinine for prevention of fevers. The Jesuits took this cure to Europe as a "secret remedy" in 1632. Later, Juan del Vego used it to treat the Count of Chinchon, and the drug was given the name *chinchona*, in honor of his Countess, who also was cured by it of malaria.

Q. What was "hoolihaning?" J.L., Atlantic City, .J.

A. A now outlawed rodeo practice of falling on a steer, (while bulldogging), in a manner to drive his head and horns into the earth and flipping the animal upon his back. The practice injured the animals, broke off horns and was dangerous to the contestant. ●

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DEATH OF THE MEANEST MAN

Photos: Denver Public Libr. West. Coll.

Gambler Jim Moon was always elegantly turned out.

by Helen S. Phillips

NERVOUSLY MOPPING THE BEADS of perspiration from his own forehead, the harried attendant at Brown's undertaking establishment on Lawrence Street in Denver, Colorado, tried to control the crowd of people that had surged onto his premises. They had followed in the wake of the Coroner's deputies who had deposited a grisly, lifeless burden only minutes before.

"Move on, gentlemen, or the corpse will spoil—it is too warm to linger!" the worried mortician exhorted.

Excited snatches of conversation rippled through the gathering crowd. "Jim Moon, you say? Killed at the Arcade in a gunfight with Clay Wilson? Sure it was Moon that was killed? Why, the man never lived who dared stand up to Jim Moon when he was on one of his rampages!" ... "Never knew anybody so plumb full of pure meanness"...

The mood of the onlookers shifted from amazement and incredulity to something bordering on satisfaction. Soon it began to look as if every last man in the whole danged city of Denver wanted to take a look at that blood-stained, clammy looking figure stretched out on a couple of boards and partially covered with a dirty sheet.

Even though the news had spread like wildfire, just hearing about Moon's death wasn't enough. This was something that had to be seen to be believed, for only then could everyone extract the last full measure of relief at his passing while relishing the manner in which it had been accomplished.

The time was twelve o'clock and 35 minutes on that warm Colorado day of June 16, 1881, as hundreds of curious people, cracking their little jokes and in an excellent humor, began shuffling down the Denver undertaker's cellar stairs to file past the late gunfighter's remains. Just one hour before Jim Moon, a strong man with closely cropped red hair, a short nose, determined mouth and an ugly, dissipated expression of countenance, had battled for his life against a smiling, mild-mannered young upstart gambler—and lost.

Now the deal was over, and the deck had been laid aside. Only the last juicy details remained to be hashed and rehashed in the days to come, as people pieced together all the available scraps of information concerning the man whom many considered to be "the meanest man in Colorado."

To start with, Moon's arrival upon the western scene of Denver, Colorado apparently did not generate enough interest to be recorded at the time. Whatever the date, it was during the time when everyone but greenhorns abided by the code that a man's business was his own, and an inquiry into his background was either imprudent or downright fatal. Quite often it was both! So it was that after coming out west, Jim Moon could leave his real name of John E. Wilcoxen somewhere along the way, and bury a past that included relatives who lived in LaSalle, Illinois, or the fact that he once was a saloonkeeper in Dubuque, Iowa. It became known, however, that Moon had enlisted in the Federal army before the close of the Civil War, and had participated in actual battles with the 12th Infantry.

Perhaps his propensity for getting into trouble originated during those troubled Civil War years, for it was during his army service that Moon began to display the violent, ungovernable temper that became his trade mark for the rest of his life. While still in uniform he was arrested for attempting to kill the lieutenant colonel who commanded the regiment!

Although he apparently never was convicted of the assault, still some innate gambler's instinct made him head for the West and the protection of a new name.

A few of his Denver acquaintances had known him in other areas before he came to Denver; places like Los Angeles, San Francisco, Reno, and parts of Texas and Arizona, where he had knocked around rather extensively before crossing into Colorado. By the time Moon had made his way to Denver, sometime during the mid-seventies, he had chalked up quite an impressive scorecard of personal survival in gunfights.

It suited his purpose to let everyone find out right quick that no one drew a gun on big Jim Moon. Any man so foolhardy ran the immediate risk of being brained with his own six-shooter! This was his "confrontation theory," although he gave it no such fancy name.

In practicing this theory, Moon would calmly walk up to his challenger in an argument and, using the element of surprise, forcibly wrest the gun from the would-be assailant's hand and beat him over the head with it. No one knew for sure the exact number of men he had killed, whether by clubbing over the head or beating them to the draw, but it was rumored to be at least five or six. He had disarmed well over a hundred this way. The total was impressive enough to give everyone a healthy respect for this man with the hair-trigger temper, surpassing speed and plain brute strength.

"The first man you kill," Moon once told a Denver newspaper reporter when interviewed, "it goes pretty hard with you for awhile, but after the second or third you don't mind knocking

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How was Jim Moon's beautiful, abused wife Emma to resist the new man in town who was tall, dark and handsome in addition to being witty, gentle and gallant...and a dedicated conman...

Denver's growing pains included anti-Chinese riot on Oct. 31st, 1880; sketch from Leslie's Illus. Newspaper.

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Eccentric "Lord" Lyulph Ogilvy took no lip from Moon.

over one of these gunfighters any more than you would a sheep!" He then went on to elaborate on his method.

"The man who pulls a gun on you when you have nothing in sight is a cur. All you need to do is walk right up to him, take it away and beat him over the head with it, and he won't try it again. Nearly all my men came for me. Of course, I went after some of them—had to."

Moon's conviction that this method was absolutely foolproof only failed him once—but once was all it took!

An early-day newspaper story recounts an episode in Moon's life which illustrates his violence of temper, a violence usually inflamed by liquor. He and another man had taken two lady friends to dinner at one of Denver's better restaurants, and were having a rather merry time of it, "...not objected to by the proprietor." Sometime during the gaiety of the evening, Moon decided he had been insulted by a lieutenant and another police officer, whereupon he proceeded to beat both of them almost to death with the chairs and chinaware at hand. Then he and his three companions escaped by climbing into a hack which was conveniently standing just outside the door.

They drove to a "halfway house" outside the city limits, where Moon left his friends, who continued on in the hack, and hastily erected an impromptu barricade. This proved so effective that he was able to hold out for an entire week against the combined forces of the police and sheriff who were sent to bring him in. He surrendered only when liberty was guaranteed him, with no strings attached.

Not long afterward, a man from the little mountain town of Breckenridge, Colorado came storming down to Denver and committed the social blunder of pulling a six-shooter on Moon in a gambling room. Once again employing his confrontation theory, Moon calmly walked up to his surprised challenger and grabbed the gun from his hand. Then his temper exploded more violently than usual. This time he proceeded to hit the unfortunate Breckenridge man so hard over the head with his own gun butt that the blows knocked him off balance and down a flight of stairs, breaking his neck.

Moon was later acquitted of this crime on the grounds that most of the evidence suggested that the other man had been guilty of provoking the attack in the first place!

Historians might wonder if the evidence was always in Moon's favor, or whether the juries were intimidated by fear of his black wrath, should they vote for a conviction.

Whatever the reasons, jury acquittal seems to have been an old story to Jim Moon. Was it any wonder that a contemporary newspaper later editorialized, "...not only the public, but ministers of justice and bailiffs—especially bailiffs—had come to regard his cases as very disagreeable ones, somewhat uncomfortable to handle. Even the newspapers were conveniently silent about the number of his murders and made no pathetic appeals to Justice to avenge the wrongs which this man had committed."

By the time Colorado achieved statehood in August, 1876, gambling was one of Denver's most flourishing businesses. This despite the fact that the Territorial Legislature previously had passed a law outlawing all forms of gambling; almost fifty years would pass before the measure would be enforced with any degree of success.

Most of Denver's gambling halls had begun as log cabins with dirt floors and canvas roofs in the lower downtown section. As civilization caught up to the frontier, the gaming house operators took over better buildings with genteel uptown addresses, then made deliberate attempts to cloak their establishments with a thin veneer of respectability. Only the top traveling vaudeville acts were headlined at the Palace, while its rival, the Arcade, opened a high-class restaurant in the building's first floor.

It was the old Arcade restaurant and saloon which was to provide a backdrop for many of the encounters which helped Jim Moon earn his reputation as "the meanest man in Colorado," especially after he became the proprietor of the Arcade Gambling Parlor which comprised the entire second floor. It is to his credit that he ran an orderly establishment, although few cared to dispute his established procedure of doing everything his way!

The fame achieved by the old Arcade was revealed in a November, 1918 newspaper article from the now defunct Denver Times: "The Arcade was the big gambling place of Denver when Denver was one of the "go-gettinest" camps went of the Mississippi. The Arcade was the main corral when there was any sort of round-up of cattlemen, miners, adventurers and tourists. It was pre-eminently a place to gamble, but one could eat, drink and sleep without ever venturing upon the sidewalk out in front. It was the best place to eat in Denver, while experts attended to the depletion of the corpulent wallet that went into the establishment, never to come out... Sunday school teachers often went there for Saturday night dinner even though it was a gambling house; they never felt that mattered in the face of superb food...

And the Arcade became Jim Moon's domain.

After he took over the responsibility of operating the gambling parlor, he came gradually to affect the manner and mode of dress which identified most of the "gentlemen gamblers" like a badge of the trade. He acquired a dressy wardrobe which featured frock coats of the finest black broadcloth, trimmed with velvet and braid. He became particularly fond of wearing elegant white shirts with pleated fronts, and claimed there was only on Chinese laundry in Denver that could finish them to his exacting standards. Beneath his dandified facade, however, Moon still retained the ugly disposition and the forbidding temper which were his trademark.

This fact was demonstrated only too clearly in an episode which involved Moon and a stubborn Scottish resident of northern Colorado. This was "Lord" Ogilvy, a direct descendant of Scotland's House of Airlie, a man whose manners were as im-

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peccable as his thirst was unquenchable.

His lordship was enjoying a friendly drink and quiet conversation with a visiting Britisher at the Arcade bar when Moon took a notion that his two customers considered themselves too good to drink with him. Moon, as the story goes, became loudly articulate about the imagined put-down and insolently shouldered his way between them. At first the two tried to ignore him. When this failed, Ogilvy turned toward the gambler with a contemptuous look and said, with the ring of steel in his voice, "Get out of here, Moon!" Then he calmly turned his back and resumed his conversation.

Since the Scotsman was unarmed and not inclined to further argument, Moon apparently could think of no other recourse but to back down. Following a period of solitary brooding over this unaccustomed loss of face, the gambler worked up such a rage that he went into the street and shot up a couple of innocent pedestrians who happened to be in the vicinity!

Not long afterward a chain of events was set off in Denver's Chinatown which ended in a riot and focused the eyes of the world on this burgeoning, "go-gettinest" city. Ever since cheap Chinese labor had been used during the late 1880's in building the transcontinental railroad, strongly anti-Chinese policies had flourished over America, but especially in the West. In 1880 when Winfield Scott Hancock campaigned for the presidency against James A. Garfield, one of his slogans was, "The Chinese must go!" Westerners were convinced that Orientals were usurping jobs meant for deserving Caucasians.

So it was that in Denver, Colorado on October 31, 1880, when four drunks in a downtown saloon at 16th and Wazee Streets objected to two Chinese playing at a nearby pool table, a bare-knuckled fistfight erupted. The fighting spread like wildfire and before long an estimated mob of 3,000 crazed people had swept through Chinatown, leaving homes and businesses in smoking or shattered ruins. When word reached Jim Moon that Sing Lee, a laundry operator, had been dragged to his death, Moon galvanized into action. By the time rioters had converged on another laundry at 19th and Arapahoe, they were brought up short by a burly, scowling redheaded gambler who stood in the doorway and brandished a pair of cocked pistols. When some of the mob recognized Moon and wisely began to fall back, they were further astounded to see "Lord" Ogilvy shoulder his way through the milling crush of humanity and align himself beside Moon!

Never one to hold a grudge, Ogilvy later admitted that he waded into the fight simply because he was a stubborn Scotsman who couldn't resist aiding the underdog in a good scrap. Moon owned up to a more personal reason, however. If the Chinese laundry had been destroyed, who in Denver would have been able to do up his pleated shirts? Even so, saving the Oriental laundrymen probably was the one and only good deed he ever performed in his life!

If Moon's initial move to Colorado had been something less than newsworthy at the time, his wife's arrival in Denver was even less conspicuous. Suddenly the beauteous Emma Demarr was just simply part of the scene, sharing Moon's quarters at the Batione boarding house on Larimer Street, a block away from the Arcade.

Emma was a beautiful 23-year-old blonde with blue eyes, a fair complexion and an intriguing Swedish accent. Although Moon kept her well supplied with dazzling gems and an opulent wardrobe, he delighted in letting it be known that their relationship had never really been *(Continued on page 52)*

Photos: Denver Public Libr. West. Coll.

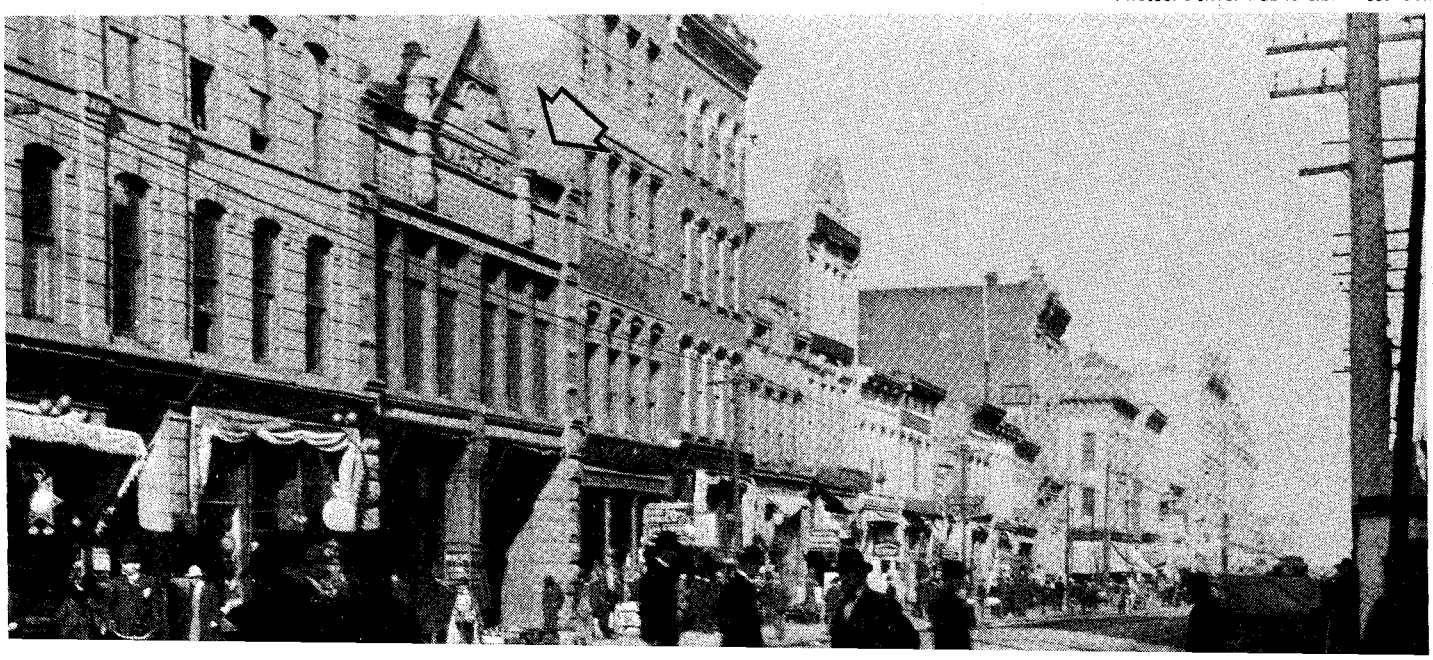

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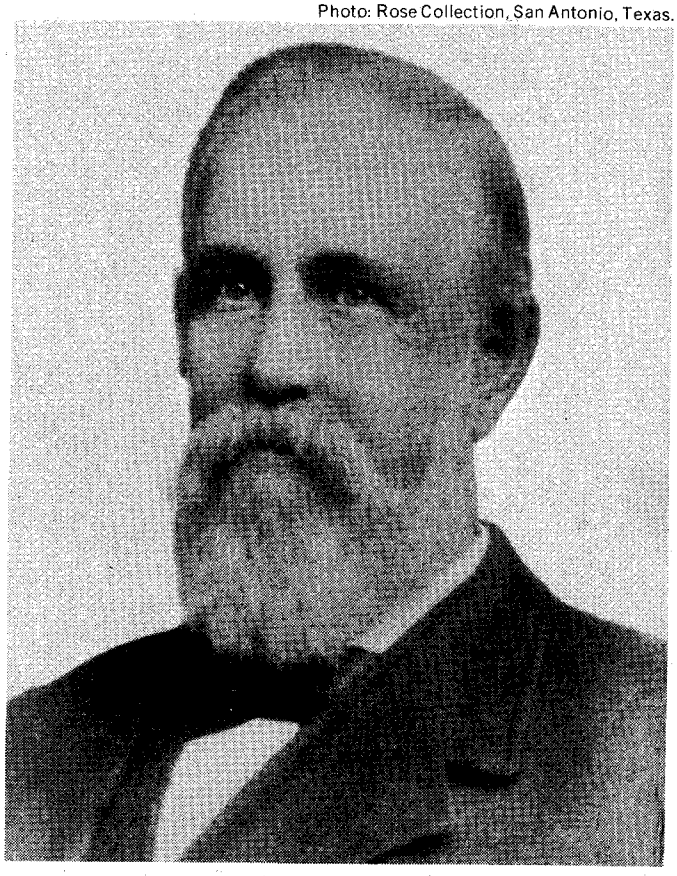
Photo: Rose Collection, San Antonio, Texas.



A.L. Pierce—he sold his holdings when lynching angered Lunn brothers' powerful friend.

Full of years and memories and achievements, old Shanghai had a hankering to be remembered, so he had himself sculpted by a humdinger of a stone artist and even now folks can see his likeness a long way off

by Oran Warder Nolen

TEXAS COWMAN 'SHANGHAI' PIERCE

THE STATE OF Rhode Island would be the last place you would think of as being the native state of one of the most famous cattlemen of all time. It is certain Able Head Pierce had no such future in mind for himself when his restless yearnings caused him to leave his kith and kin and head for the far-away Lone Star state, Texas, on June 29, 1853.

Tall and gangling in appearance, standing six feet and three inches in height, he weighed 208 pounds and had just 25 cents in his pocket when he stowed away on a ship bound for New Orleans. The captain immediately put him to work to pay for his passage, which was a break for both of them. From New Orleans Able caught a boat headed for Port Lavaca on the Texas coast.

The youth found the contrast between Texas and his native state fantastic—almost unbelievable. There were great prairies of hog-wallow terrain stretching as far as the eye could see, split from north to south by such rivers as the Navidad, the Colorado, and lesser streams, the waterways being bordered on each side by miles of moss-bedecked trees.

And all that great terrain was unfenced. The only barriers were long hedges of Cherokee roses imported by cattlemen from Oklahoma and planted in straight lines from east to west to form windbreaks for cattle when the howling, freezing "northers" would engulf the whole country and cause the wild cattle to freeze to death by the thousands.

That was the kind of country in which Able Pierce found himself when he got off the boat at Port Lavaca. His first job was chopping wood for W.B. Grimes for $6.50 a month. He did not know it but the day would come when he and Grimes would lock horns—as equals—over some of the biggest deals ever cooked up, even in Texas.

From chopping wood he advanced a notch higher, riding herd on the cattle during the big round-ups. It was then that he began learning about the cow business in earnest, the idea a-borning in his mind that he, too, could be a cattleman. He saw how cattlemen accumulated great herds by merely roping unbranded cattle and putting their own brand on them. Mavericks, they were called.

The Civil War came on and young Pierce enlisted in the First Texas Cavalry, which absorbed four years of his life. He then joined forces with his brother Jonathan, who had arrived in Texas in December, 1860, and they set up ranching operations at Deming's Bridge on the Colorado River.

But the very first thing he did after returning home from the war was to look up W.B. Grimes, who had promised to hold $500 of his wages for him until he returned. Grimes hawed and hedged, and finally told him that he would pay him in Confederate script, knowing that it was alas, worthless. Pierce became livid with anger. He was so large he could easily have whipped Grimes half to death. Instead he got control of himself, and with eyes blazing with wrath he told Grimes that some day he would break him financially, ruin him until he did not have a dollar or a cow left—a bitter threat he later fulfilled to the utmost, remembering the man's deception.

There are a number of versions of how he acquired the nickname of "Shanghai." One is that he had a blacksmith make him a pair of spurs with extra large rowels on them, and they made him look so "Shank-like" they began calling him Shanghai, saying that he looked like an old Shanghai rooster. The name stuck to him the rest of his life, whether or not that was the true origin of it.

When he began his operations as a cowman after the War Between the States, he could not have chosen a more propitious time. Many of the cattlemen had gone off to war and during

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their absence the livestock roamed wild and free all up and down the Gulf Coast, multiplying and increasing for four long years. At the close of the war many of these owners never returned, having lost their lives on the battlefields of the South. So Pierce began throwing his brand on the wild cattle until his BU was burned on the hides of thousands.

The range was free and he did not have to purchase land for his stock to graze on. In fact, at one time he and his brother owned over 5,000 head of cattle and did not own even a dozen acres of land.

Charles A. Siringo, who was to become famed as the author of the book, *A Texas Cowboy, or Fifteen Years On The Hurricane Deck Of A Spanish Pony*, and many other books, went to work for Shanghai Pierce. Tom Nye was the foreman, and Siringo's job was to roam the prairies and put the Pierce brand on all the unbranded stock he could find.

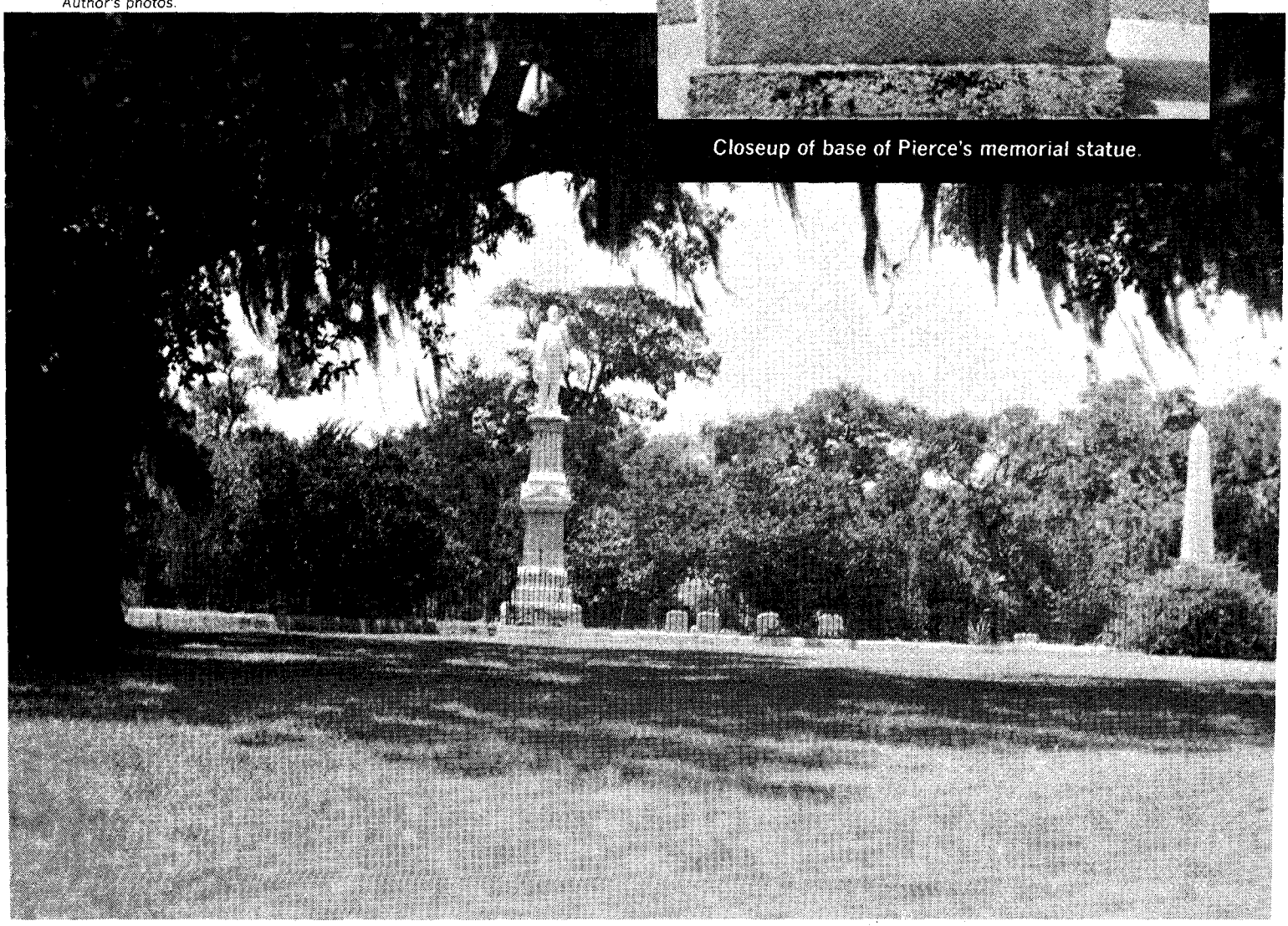
Seeing how some of his friends were quietly burning their own brands on some of the wild cattle, Siringo in turn tied a short iron rod with a bent end on to his saddle, and was industriously acquiring a herd of his own.

This did not go unnoticed for long, and came very near to costing him his life. It happened one morning that Siringo was seated on the ground near a camp fire and had removed his gun and holster and laid them aside.

Sitting before the fire with one knee drawn up in front of him, he saw a Negro by the name of Grant ride up and dismount, but had not the slightest idea of any danger, although the man was known as a killer. *(Continued on page 50)*

Author's photos.

Closeup of base of Pierce's memorial statue.



Imposing headstone statue commissioned for himself by Shanghai Pierce in old cemetery, Matagorda County, Texas.

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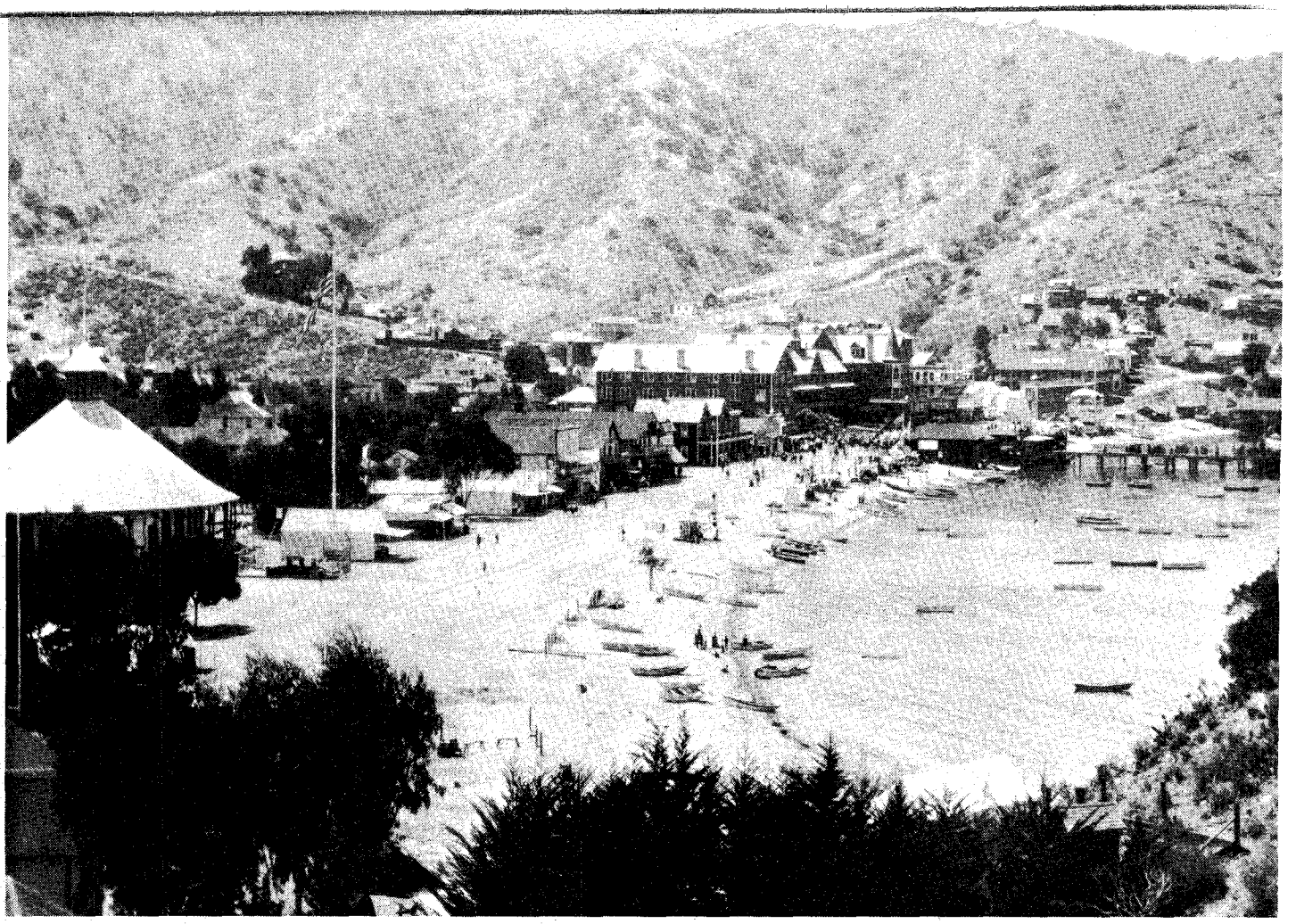

This photo was taken in 1890 when street dancing was held every Saturday night in Avalon.

CATALINA
THE REAL FAR WEST

by Cameron Scott

HISTORY'S CURTAIN fell on America's Western Frontier 22 miles off the sandy beaches of the Southern California coast. The Old West lived just as richly, just as roughly, on this 22-mile long island in the Pacific as it did on the plains of Oklahoma, or in the painted deserts of the Southwest, or in the gold laden hills of Northern California.

Earlier, Indians had scraped a living from the 76 square miles of hills and valleys, sandy shorelines and the sea that surrounds the little island called Catalina. Settlers, with their livestock and wooden houses weathered the lonely isolation and hardships just as pioneers did on the flat prairies of Texas, in the hills of the Dakotas and in the hidden vales of Oregon.

What was this island like in the days when the West was being won, when empires were being carved out of sheer nothingness by courageous pioneers? Historians tell us that long ago the little island was inhabited by blond men who stood nearly 8 feet tall. Juan Rodriguez Cabrillo, who discovered the island in 1542, wrote of "light-skinned Indians who carried bows and arrows . . ." Later, Father Antonio de Ascension, a friar with Sebastian Vizcaino, who named the place Santa Catalina, wrote:

"The Indians are well-made and robust. The men are all naked. Their women are well-shaped and wear clothing of seal skins from the waist down. They have fine eyes and beautiful features. The boys and girls are white and some are blond. All are affable and smiling . . ."

But between the years of 1820 and 1835, Catalina Island was pillaged by hunters of otter, Russians who brought with them brutal Aleuts in their *bidarkas*. The Aleuts and their masters ravaged the island Indians and spread disease among them.

The diminished population was finally gathered up and taken to the mainland by Southern California padres who had found it impractical to build a mission on the distant island. They were distributed on the mainland among the missions of San Gabriel, San Juan Capistrano, San Fernando and San Luis Rey. Unaccustomed to "civilization" and its strange diet, the Indians soon died off. The once proud Chumash people who worshipped the god Chinigchinich, had found the complicated Christian world and its customs too strange, too remote.

And so the island's "westernization" era began in 1846 when Governor Pio Pico granted the entire island as a "rancheria" to pioneer Thomas Robbins, who never lived to set foot on his property. His heirs deeded the land to Jose Covarrubias and this deed was confirmed by the U.S. Land Commission and U.S. Patent Office.

Covarrubias had other interests on the mainland and owned land around what is now Santa Barbara. Besides, he found he didn't like the island. So he proceeded to sell the place to his friend, Al Packard, for the bargain price of $1,000, part of which was in hardware merchandise.

Packard built a little farmhouse *(Continued on page 43)*

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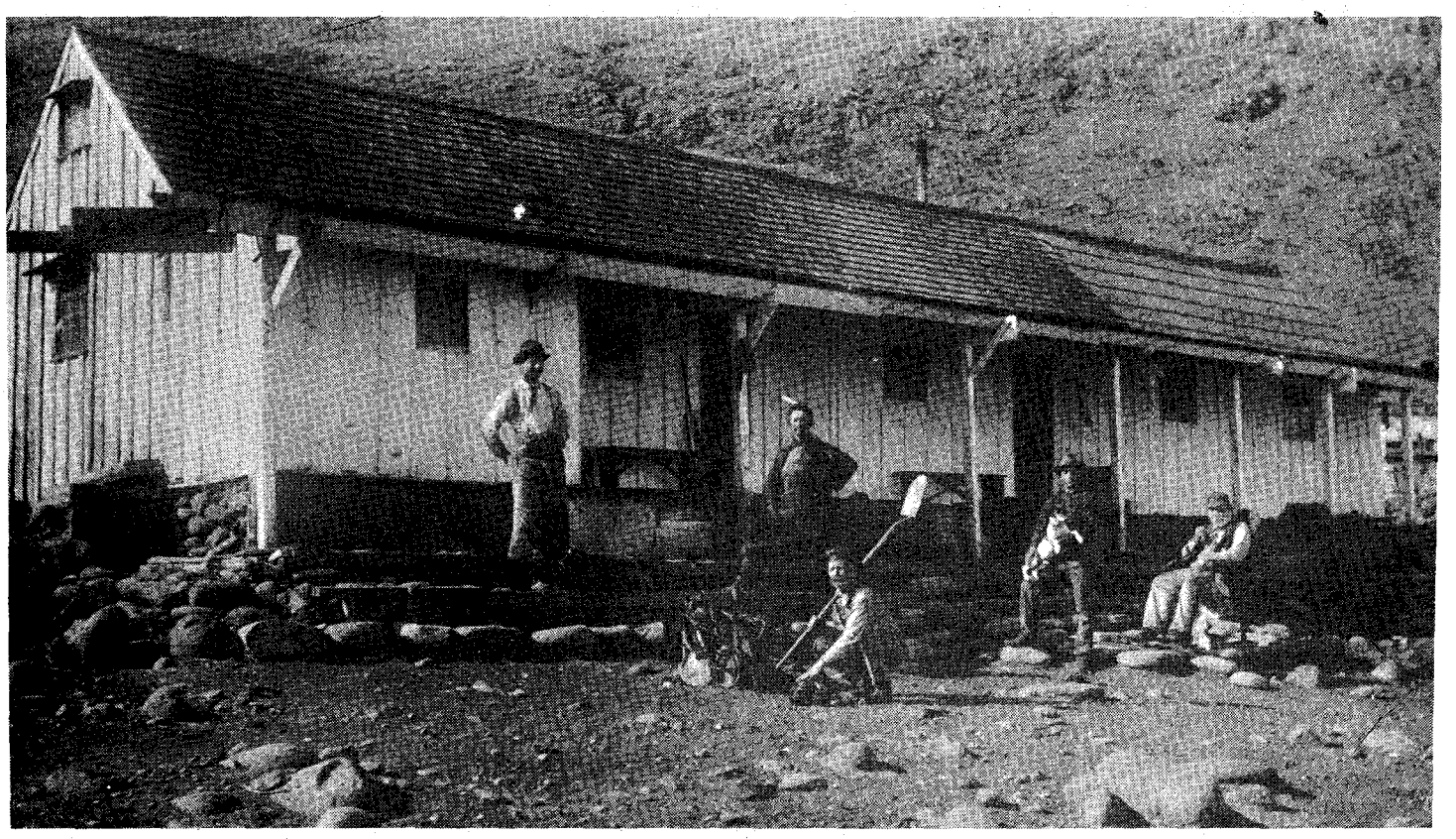
THE PIONEERS MOVING WESTWARD DIDN'T STOP AT THE PACIFIC SHORES. THEY WENT 22 MILES BEYOND

Historical Collection, Security First National Bank Photos

In 1888 stages running from Avalon to Two Harbors passed around "Devil's Elbow."

The Union Army built barracks on Catalina Island in 1863, soon abandoned them.



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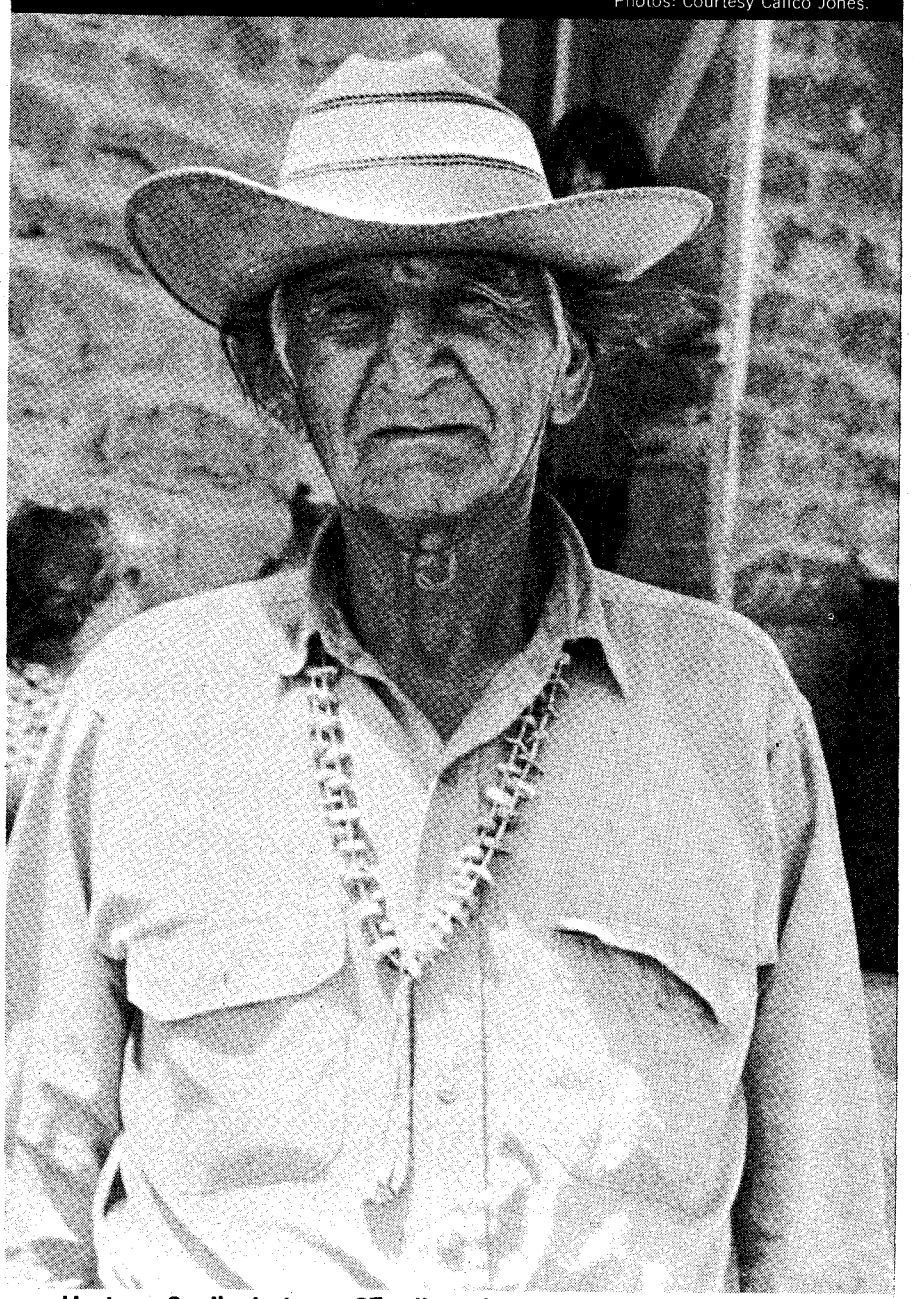
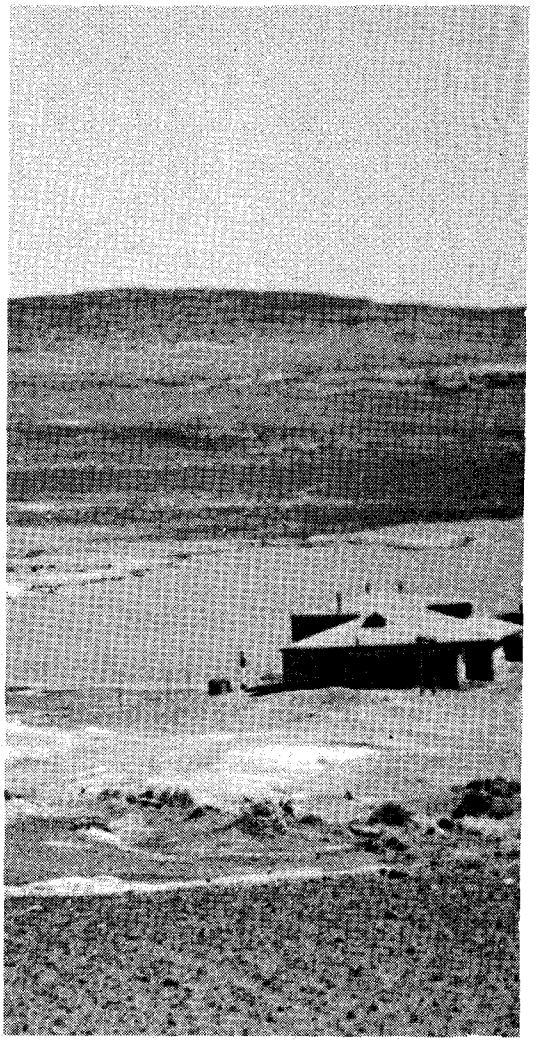
THE WIND WHISPERED DEATH

by Maurice Kildare

Photos: Courtesy Calico Jones.



Hosteen Senijeni at age 87; silver-tipped arrow just missed him.



Sand hills across lake from Post where

HOSTEEN SENIJENI rolled onto his left side in the purple sage for a better view of the lambs straying off into the brushy timber. As he did so a feathered arrow snicked into the ground where he had lain concealed. The unmarked shaft quivered before his eyes.

In astonishment he came upward in a crouch, Winchester rifle held at ready. Then, bent over, he plunged crookedly along the ridge southeast. The bowman he half-expected did not materialize to string a second arrow. But he kept moving anyway, until beyond good bow range, without spotting the would-be killer.

The arrow had come from somewhere along this part of the ridge. Moving slowly, he zig-zagged across the ridge trying to find ground sign—and failing.

Back to the spot where the silent attack was made, his eyes moved automatically to the gramma grass glade where the 25 lambs had been left. They were gone, but perhaps they had only strayed into far cedar and juniper timber. Wary of the immediate surroundings from which another arrow could be dispatched unseen, he reached with his left hand to pull the shaft of the first arrow out of the ground. Bright metal shone in the morning sunlight. He didn't need to examine it to

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Who but a witch would want to kill the kind and industrious Old Woman Dohi? Where were the sheep disappearing to? Why was fear suddenly so heavy in every Indian heart? Senijeni meant to find out or die in the attempt...

Senijeni visited Trader Preston. Lesley Lehi was killed on bench of mountain in left background.

know that the tip was silver, and razor sharp. For then he *knew*.

He had tangled with the witch, who had detected his presence. Senijeni's—the name meant Holy One—intention was to shoot down the diabolical witchcrafter. In the old days silver-tipped arrows were used to kill them, but this one had been employed in an attempt on his life.

Moving warily, he entered the timber far up the ridge where his saddled horse had been hidden early that June morning of 1892.

This western section of stark Black Mountain seethed in a tumult of fear. For months past a practitioner of witchcraft, by threats of death, had blackmailed local Navajo Indians for livestock and goods. Senijeni had advised his friends, who paid off through terrible fear of the unknown, they should not do so. The witchcrafter must be hunted down instead. But the vile person had proven to be as cunning as a coyote, the animal he impersonated.

The devilish man had not been seen once. But those who practiced the black arts for their own gain always wore a coyote cape. It was complete with the head, pointed muzzle and clawed pads on hands and feet. Navajos believed that while so attired the evil spirit of mai (coyote) actually entered the impersonator's body, and that he became one with the animal. This ancient religious belief kept their lips sealed in grim silence.

The ominous signs that a family was being bewitched were found in or on the family hogan. In Senijeni's case it had been four long strands of hair from a dead human body. They contained four knots when found hanging from the overhead timber of his hogan door. The sign meant that in four days Senijeni or some member of his family would die, unless forfeit, or blackmail, was paid to get the evil one to withdraw his spells.

Just how payment was made he didn't know, so he consulted a friend. Goods, livestock or anything to the value of 25 sheep must be left in a place Navajos seldom frequented, so his friend said. How did he know this? Had someone been given instructions by the witch? The friend did not know any of the answers. But, advised by others, who didn't know how this knowledge came to them, either, he had left his payment, the 25 lambs, as related.

Senijeni had taken 25 lambs from his flock, driving them to the glade on the western side of Black Mountain. Riding away openly to make himself quite visible, he disappeared into cover and then returned secretly. His strategy was to watch from hiding in the sagebrush for whoever came to get the lambs.

Instead of learning the identity of the witch, a silver-tipped arrow had been feathered at him. Somehow the evil one knew him to be lurking with hands on a rifle.

Senijeni suspected the hasty try at killing him was by the arrow because a gunshot would be absolutely certain to attract attention.

Mounted, and with his rifle across the saddle, he rode over to the glade, following lambs' tracks into the timber. But they had not strayed. Within minutes he discovered where they had been drawn together and driven off by someone wearing moccasins. From the size of them the tracks could have been made by either a man or a woman.

The arrow had diverted him, and the clever one had fled with the lambs. Satisfied with that deduction, Senijeni followed the plain marks of the lambs. He got nowhere, for it became apparent a large band of sheep had been driven over their sign barely minutes before.

Hearing the sounds of a close-by flock, he rode over to investigate. The sheep

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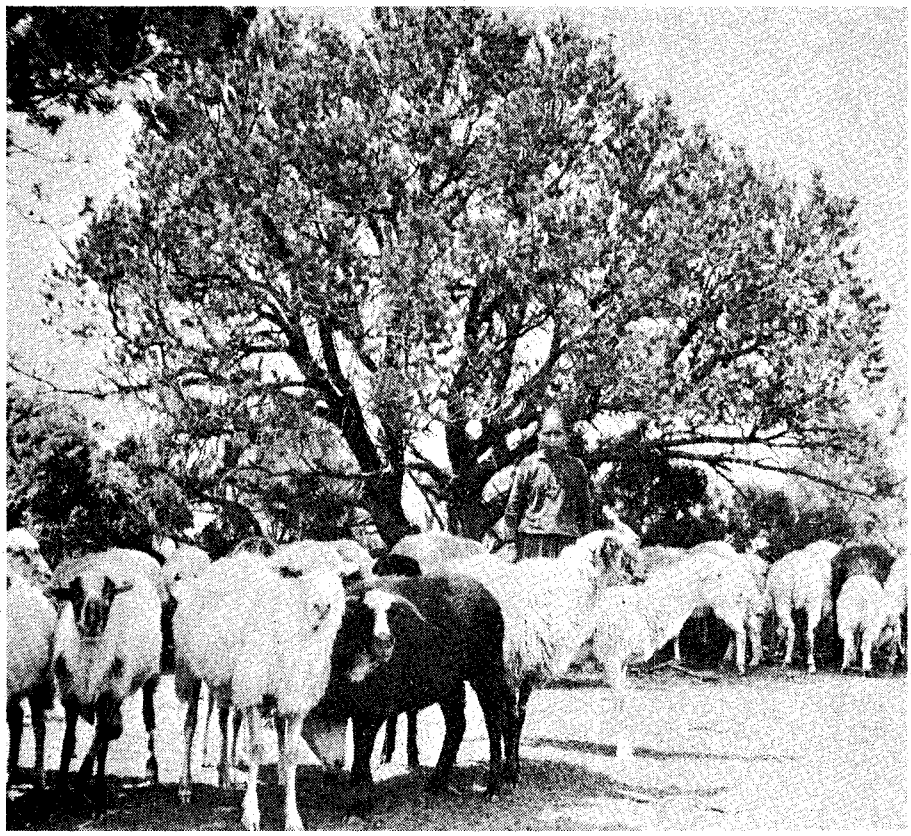
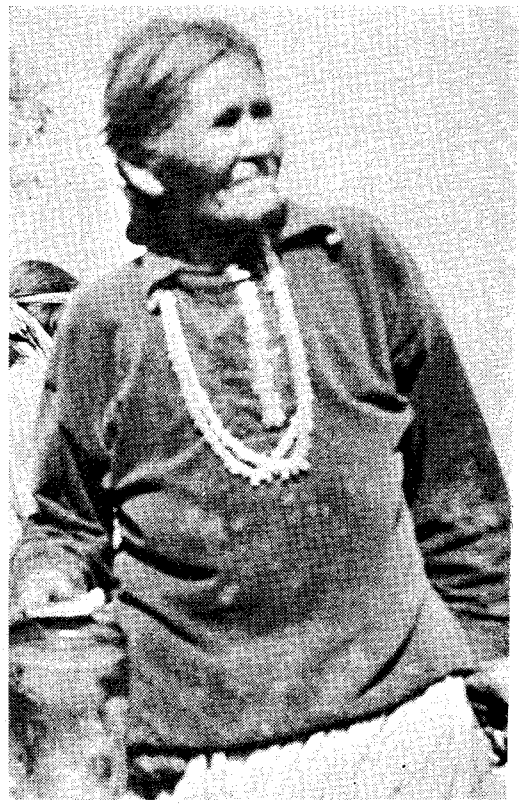


These Navajo sheep of 1892 are not the type tribesmen own today.



Old Woman Dohi—they tricked witch into believing she was dead.

belonged to Lesley Lehi, a half Piute. They were herded by his two teenage daughters, who had seen no one driving lambs.

Returning to the original signs of his lambs, he found a second flock destroying ground evidence. This bunch belonged to Tom Whitehat; his children were the herdsmen. They had seen no one, they said. Continuing, Senijeni encountered his aged aunt, "Old Woman" Dohi. She was with a small grandson, herding her band of sheep and goats.

As she turned to make greeting, her wrinkled face all smiles, he asked, "Have you seen any stray sheep, or a man around, Schema?" He addressed her as "mother" because as his aunt she was also his mother according to Navajo relationship.

"No, my son." Her old face took on frowns of worry. "Why do you ask?"

Not mentioning the arrow incident he told about the lambs he had left for the witchcrafter.

She appeared to be deeply distressed. "Perhaps, my son, you should go your way and forget this evil thing. The witch now has his pay and will not molest you further."

That seeming to be his only course Senijeni rode homeward. On the way he paused briefly at Lehi's hogan, trying to find out all that he knew concerning the witch.

The man seemed very bitter, speaking only in bare whispers. "You had better not try finding out anything of the witch. Hosteen Peaches over near Lolomi Point did so, and now he is dead."

That night Senijeni lay sleepless on his sheep pelt until dawn trying to think out the problem. He went over all newcomers to that area of Navajoland. Perhaps an evil man had come among them from the eastern country, then a hotbed of witchcrafters. But none of those he considered satisfied conditions under which this one operated. Mainly, they did not know the far reaches of mysterious Black Mountain well enough to prevent being seen or suspected sooner or later. At least twenty families had been levied on before the witch reached him.

A feeling of despair settled over Senijeni. He arrived at the one possible conclusion. The witchcrafter was someone long known among them. It could be a close friend or even a relative. Nevertheless, whoever he was, that one must die. Even more determinedly he vowed to himself to see that he did. The course must be followed to protect them all.

The next morning early he set forth to search the ridge again. Enroute he arrived at Old Woman Dohi's hogan. She stood beside the brush corral mournfully surveying twenty-five head of sheep in it.

"The witch is now after me," she spoke heavily.

"You are leaving those sheep for the evil one, Schema?"

"What else can a poor old woman like me do? It is sorely felt that I am losing valuable property."

"We must find this witch so that he can be disposed of. Mark your sheep so that they can be recognized again."

"Mark them?"

"Yes. Do you have any kish?"

"Some red moccasin dye."

"Bring it, Schema."

She regarded him oddly, but, pushing back a thick strand of graying hair she hurried to the nearby hogan. On returning she handed him a tin can half filled with reddish buckskin dye.

She followed into the corral where he caught and threw a big wether. Parting the thick wool behind the right shoulder he painted the skin and wool roots with the moccasin dye. Carefully he restored the opened weft to an evenness that could not be readily detected as having been disturbed.

"You see?" he observed. "None but the owner will know the sheep are marked."

"But the ear crops of my ownership, isn't that enough?"

"Earmarks can be changed. But when these sheep are sold to the trader, they can be pointed out surely. In that way I hope to catch the witching thief."

Eyes narrowed, she asked with an intake of breath, "Did you mark your lambs he took?"

Senijeni shrugged his shoulders. "In truth the thought did not occur to me until just now, Schema," he lied, for he felt cognizance of the knowledge might prove harmful to her. The lambs had been marked black on the left shoulders.

"But will I not be in danger when he learns what has been done to the sheep?"

"I will stand between you and harm. This devil-man must be captured and I intend to get him."

Old Woman Dohi nodded her head in

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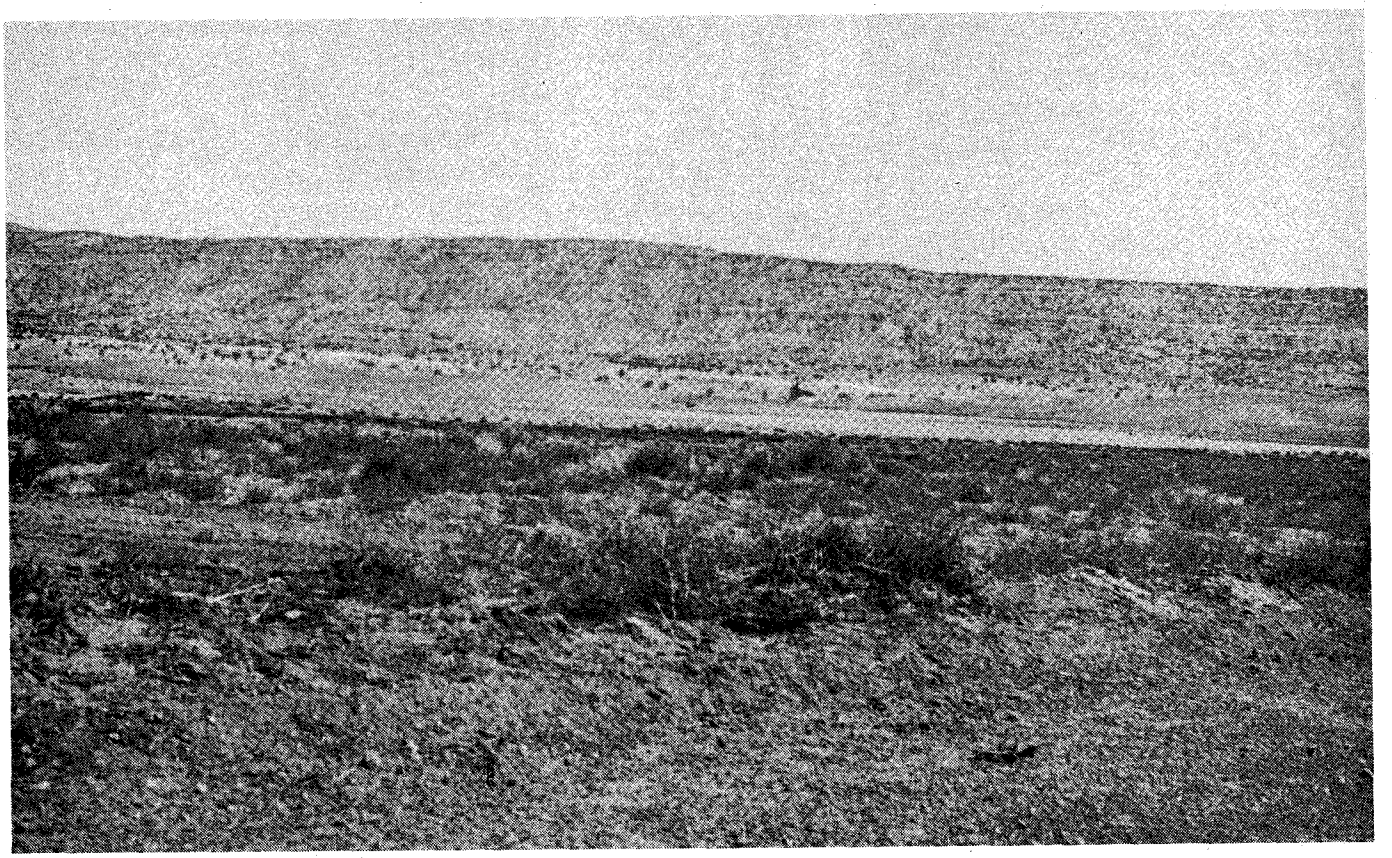


70-mile long Black Mountain in north-central Arizona. It is still little known, holding many secrets.

Photos: Courtesy Calico Jones.

agreement. Together they caught, threw, and secretly marked all the sheep to be paid over.

When that was finished he rode away as though heading for the scene of the previous day's encounter. Instead, once under cover he watched from the timber. Within minutes Old Woman Dohi strung the sheep out, moving them to an isolated place of delivery three miles away.

Having followed, Senijeni concealed his horse after she abandoned the sheep to their fate and departed. For a long while he lay concealed under low brushy limbs of a tree, rifle held ready.

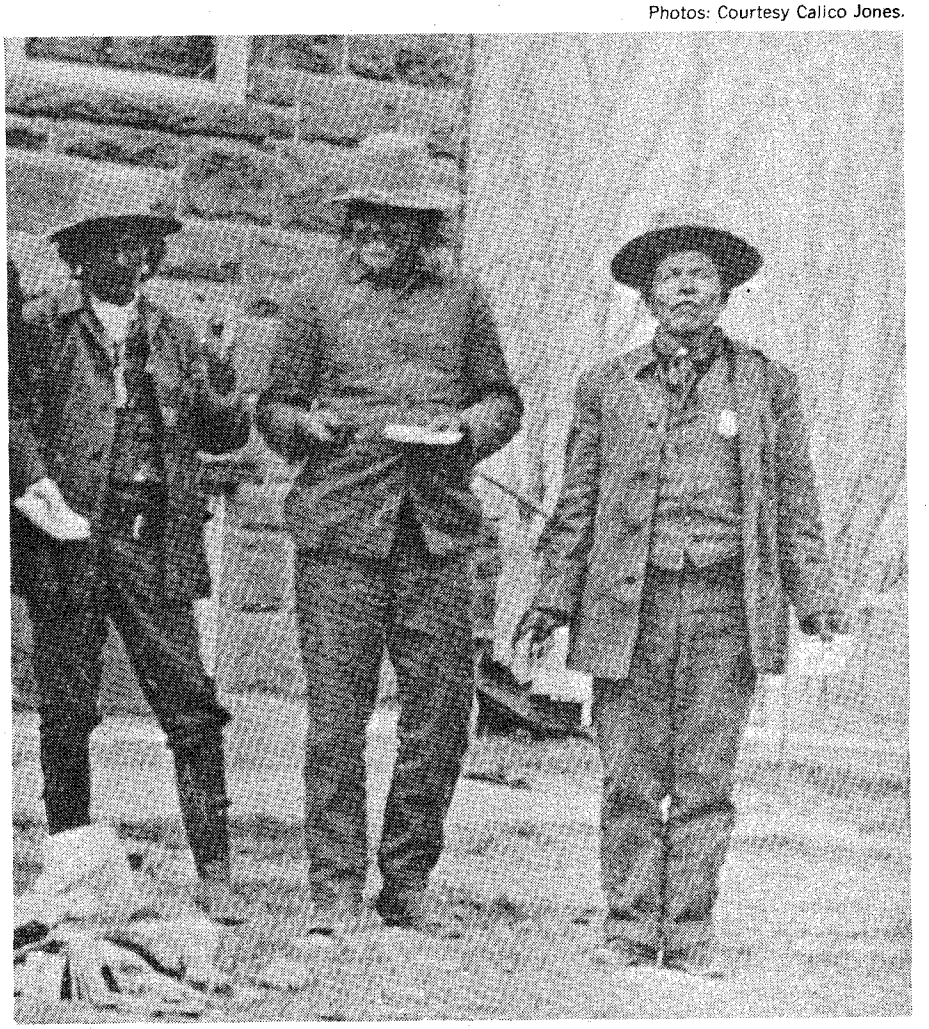
The wind began to rise as the day's heat increased. Not high but rustly enough to sway vegetation about his position. His ears were attuned to pick up sound, and his eyes never ceased roving over possible places where the witch might appear from.

For no explainable reason he experienced an apprehensive sensation. Senijeni was a brave man who took little stock in legendary *chindis* (evil spirits) but now he grew most uneasy. It felt, he explained afterwards, as though someone watched him much too intently, harboring malicious hate.

The wind seemed to warn him of danger. It whispered in his ears of death on the prowl before he discovered a total absence of birds in the vicinity.

The *whap* of a bullet dug into the ground within inches of his head. It spurted sand particles on the red bandana around his hair. The rifle crash died away

(Continued on page 62)



The three Tuba City agency policemen, Bitce Cody, Salawa Bidta and John Daw (l. to r.), really thought Old Woman Dohi was dead.

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THE STAR OF OREGON

Home of Dr. John McLoughlin is the only national shrine in Oregon; contains original furnishings, huge bible.

by Patrick A. Hall

THE IDEA WOULD never have occurred to most men, but Henry Wood was a man with a restless mind churning with big ideas and various get-rich-schemes. He knew, as did the other hungry settlers struggling to get started in the Oregon forests of 1840, that a solution to the "stock monopoly" had to be found, and he set about finding one.

Nevertheless when he presented the idea to Ralph Kilbourne, a steady, thoughtful man, and Kilbourne, for a change, didn't laugh, Henry felt a surge of hope. Ralph simply leaned on his hoe, rubbed his chin and pronounced: "It might work." Indeed, when Kilbourne finished with it, all that remained to make it workable was a strong, forceful and experienced leader—as for instance a leader of the calibre of Joe Gale, who lived on Tualatin Plains.

Gale, a broad, powerful man with square jaw and a will-power stronger than his big arms and neck, had been a ship's captain before coming west to take up the life of a trapper-hunter, and to homestead some land. In addition he was familiar with the long, rugged, Indian-infested trail over the Siskiyou mountains to California. In 1834 he, Hall J. Kelley and trapper Ewing Young had come over the trail together from California. Then, in 1837, Young persuaded him to make the trip again—as a drover with a large herd of Young's cattle, now so exorbitantly priced and sorely needed by the struggling settlers.

As presented to Gale, Wood's plan seemed feasible. A company of men would be formed under Gale's leadership. Then a sailing vessel, of Gale's design, would be built from the excellent timbers of the Oregon forests. Then the ship would be sailed down the coast to San Francisco. *There she would be traded for livestock,* which would then be driven back over the Siskiyous to the Willamette Valley.

Thus the monopoly imposed by the powerful Hudson's Bay Company, The Methodist Mission and the erstwhile trapper Ewing Young, would be broken.

Gale was in the field, plowing, when Kilbourne and Wood found him. Sitting on the cross-bar of the plow, arms resting on the handles, Gale thought about the scheme.

Building the ship, he thought, would be no problem, provided Felix Hathaway, an experienced ship's carpenter from the Boston Shipyards, would consent to join the group. Nor would there be a

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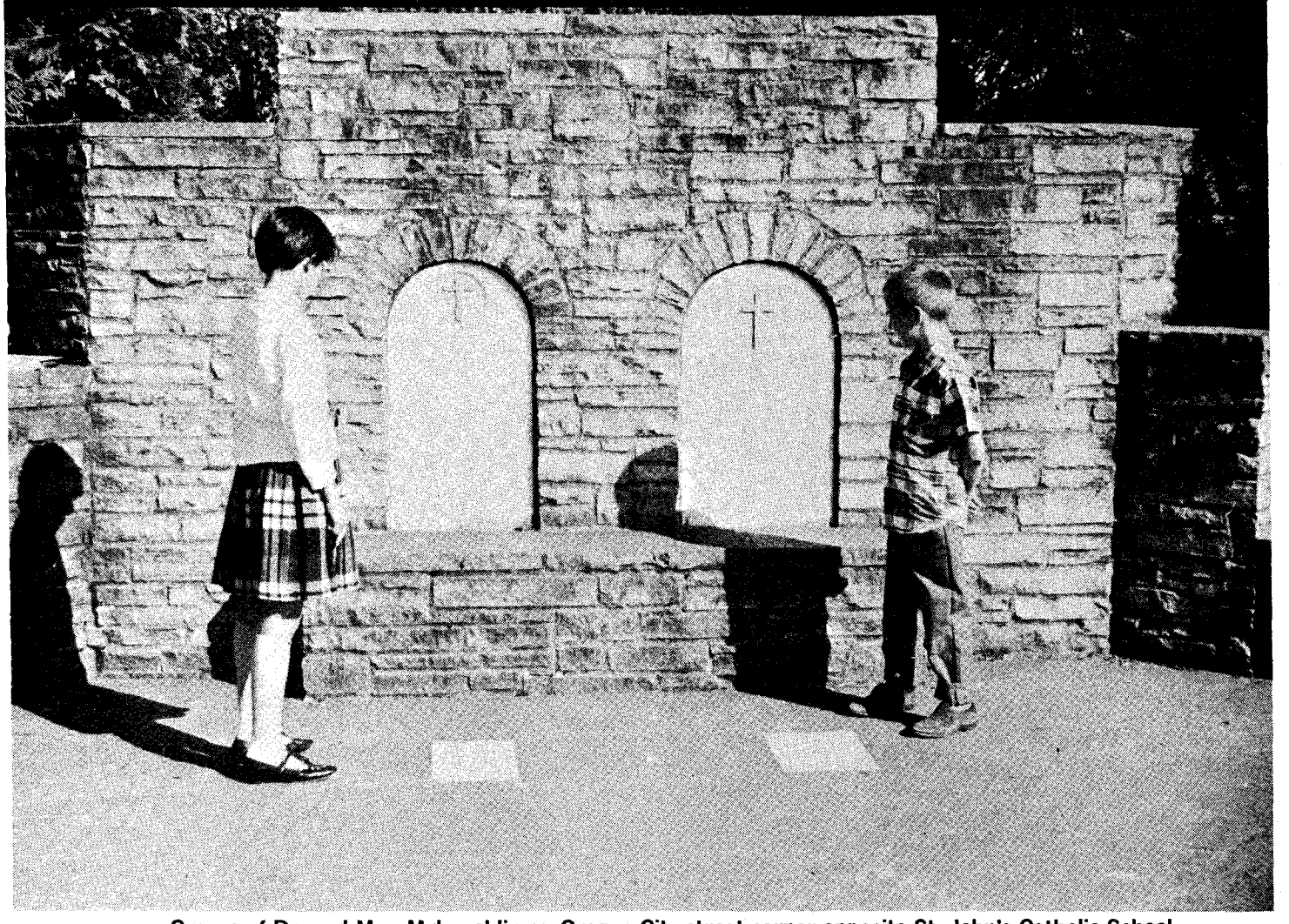
None of the men knew the compass, let alone the art of steering by it in a heavy sea. The green crew set out on the great adventure without ever knowing when they entered the mighty Pacific Ocean! It was several hours before their captain enlightened them—he was afraid they would become deathly sick!

Author's photos



Graves of Dr. and Mrs. McLoughlin on Oregon City street corner opposite St. John's Catholic School.

problem trading the ship for cattle, once she was anchored in the bay at San Francisco. But this was 1840, three years since he'd been over the trail. He reflected soberly that the cattle drive back to Oregon through Indian country would be dangerous—probably more so than sailing the newly-built vessel down the coast with only a handful of raw, buckskin-clad trappers for seamen. But the biggest obstacle, Gale reasoned, would be in getting all necessary equipment and supplies from Dr. John McLoughlin, chief factor of the Hudson's Bay Company.

After all, that would be like asking a man to help limit his own profit, since McLoughlin was one of the powers of the monopoly. Another powerful obstacle to the progress of the plan was that Joe Gale was already involved with a group of men organizing a settlement on Tualatin Plains. The best he could do was make them a counter offer.

Gale told them that if Felix Hathaway would agree to join the group he, too, would join, and undertake to secure from McLoughlin, by some means, what supplies and equipment they would need. But first the men must plan to begin the work without him; he had to honor his contract with the men on Tualatin Plains. Then, when he saw enough finished work to give the project a good start, he would join them full-time. He would sell all he owned, put all the money into the venture and become an equal-share partner. Meanwhile, there was nothing to prevent him from overseeing the project from the start and offer what advice he could as to the make and model of the ship.

Kilbourne and Wood were satisfied with the terms, and a hearty handshake all around sealed the bargain. Gale went back to his plowing, absorbed now in how he would get the things they would need from Factor McLoughlin.

Oregon Country of 1840 was, for the most part, still a forest primeval—a land of roaring rivers, gurgling streams and wild creatures that crept, crawled, or ran on all fours. Civilization, as such, was not to edge in here for another three years, when the Applegates, Martins and Burnetts would slash a way through tall, thick sage brush and literally chop a trail over the Blue Mountains to lead their wagons and a thousand souls down the Columbia River Basin. Bartering currency at this time consisted of fur pelts, domestic livestock, or anything else of value, and nearly everyone wore buckskins, moccasins and fur caps.

In the affairs of the forest and its few

(Continued on page 54)

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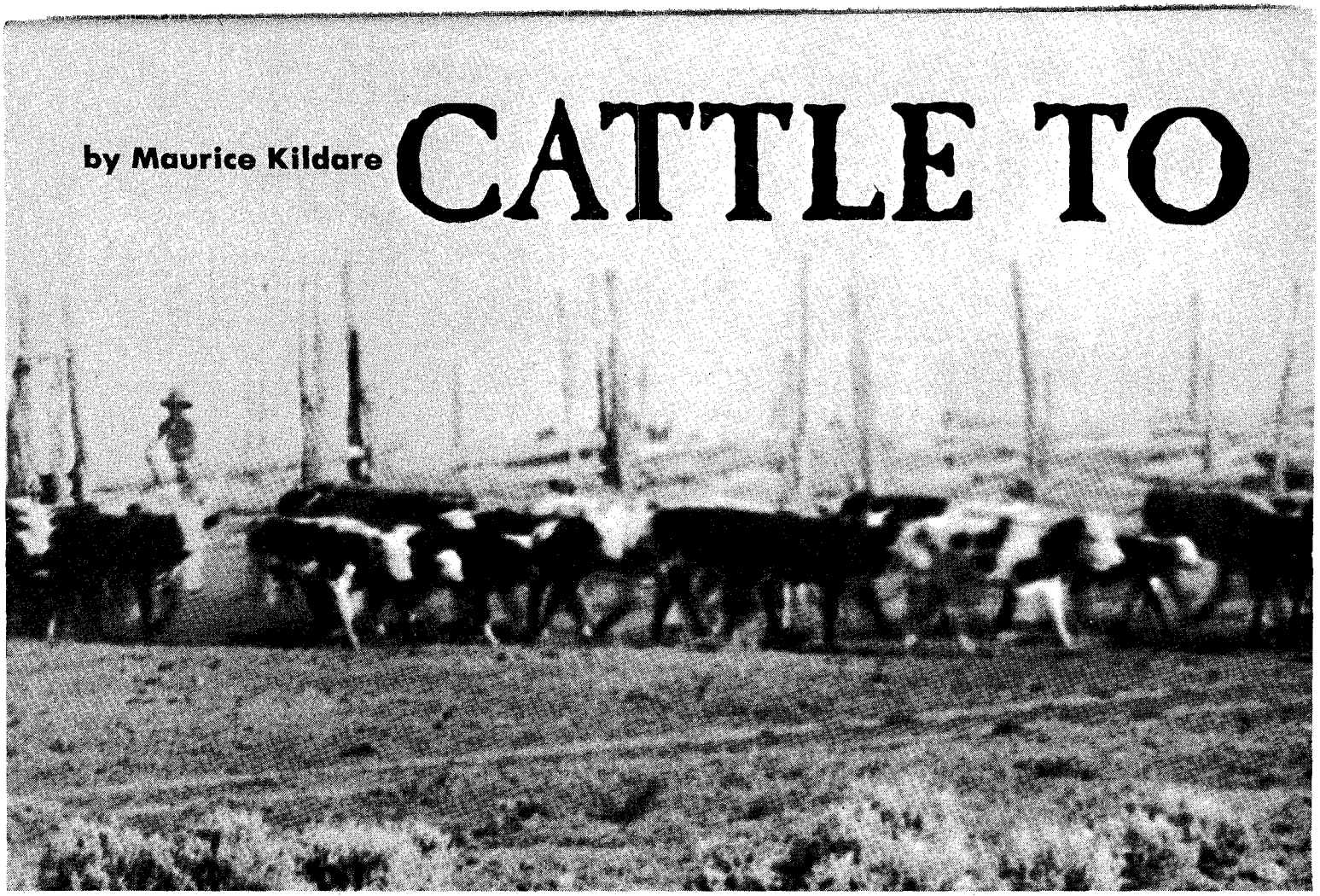
by Maurice Kildare

CATTLE TO



From the several pole corrals the herd was bunched to start the long trail drive from Inscription

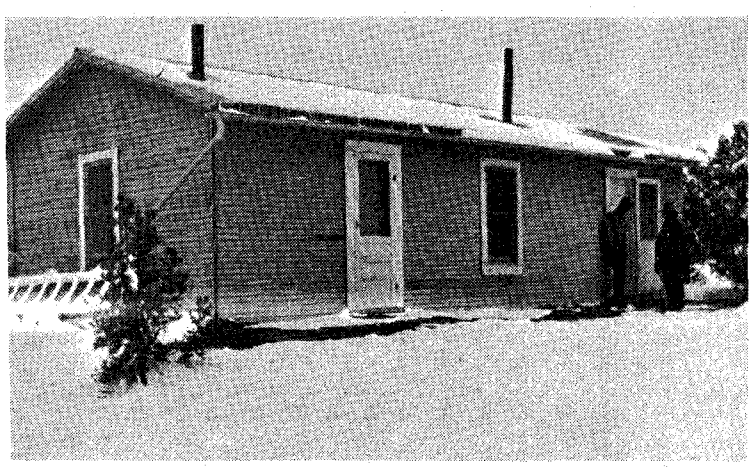
Author had to contend with sandstorms, drouth, antagonistic stockmen and rangers, an angry chief of Indian police, and that indolent Bean Belly, too . . . when everything else failed Kildare used talented fists as pacifiers

RAIN AND LIGHTNING slashed blindingly over the herd and what followed was pure chaos. The wild Indian cattle took off in as many directions as their numbers. There existed no workable points to try to turn them or circle them. Four cowboys and their mounts were knocked down. Fortunately, they were not tromped to death by a solid mass of cattle plunging over them, as might easily have happened in the dark.

The sudden, devastating storm squall didn't last ten minutes. But when the nightmare ended not one cow critter showed anywhere in Red Valley. Ahead of twisted tails 1,500 mixed cattle disappeared over the sandhills. It took us a week with the help of twenty local Navajo Indian cowboys to get most of them back, some from as far as ten miles.

Finally we went on down the trail toward the shipping point at Winslow, Arizona. Although we were then unaware of it, the run was an ominous warning of future hazards. But there existed no reason why that run should have been anticipated. The mixed herd of cattle had been raised where sudden thunderstorms and unexpected hail-laden downpours were common occurrences.

However, those cattle had already given us a bad time. Most came out of deep canyons, and had never encountered a wire fence until they were right on top of one. When they did, those bovines walked right through them! At the same time they fully respected the Navajo's loosely constructed pole and brush fence. It's hard to figure.



Inscription House, Indian trading post where cattle were bought; author stands against store door.

Every few years some one reports adventures of a "last" trail herd. Our's was the final big drive from the southwest's vast Indian country. Other traders in the remote areas were already hauling out to civilization. We were farthest from the railroad of them all, at the end of no road. But after that fall of 1928 my father and I trucked out purchased Navajo cattle.

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THE RAILROAD

House, Indian trading post, to the distant point of delivery—the contract buyer at Winslow, Arizona.

Author's photos.

The long drives south, beset by all manner and condition of difficulties, took tallow off them fast. They lost too much weight and trail casualties were always heavy. The time and expense required for driving made trucking more economical.

From August to the middle of November I barter-traded for better than 1,500 head at Inscription House trading post. Built in the early 1920's, it stood in the center of the vast canyon country of the western Navajo, 53 miles from the small Tuba City Indian Agency.

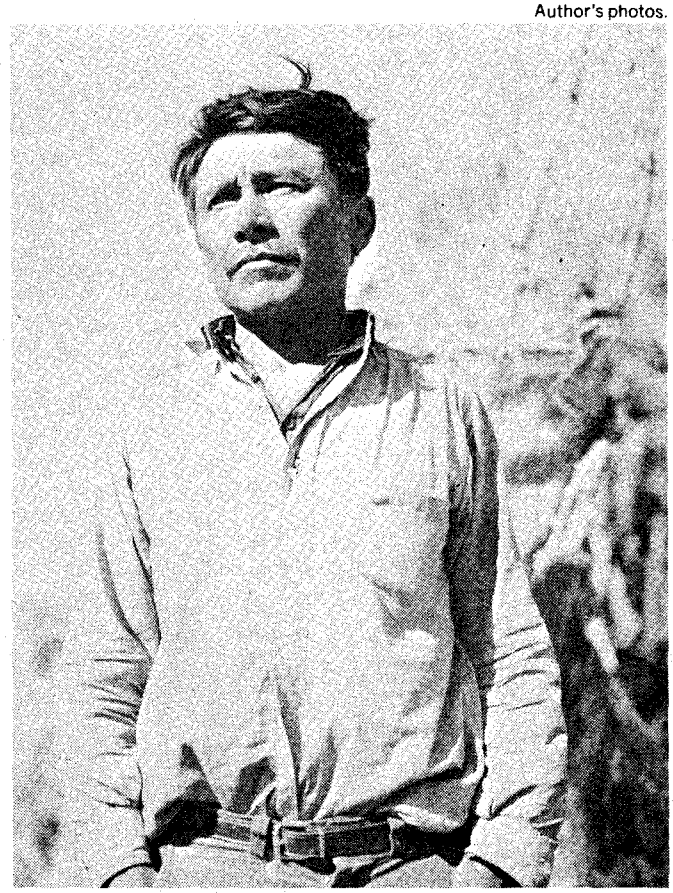
There was hardly any precipitation that year. Badly eroded ranges were in short grass. Indian agents begged the few traders to buy and get off the reservation as many cattle as possible. Only heavy reduction of stock would leave enough sparse graze to carry the remainder through the winter.

At Inscription House I bought everything except fertile young cows. Some of the old bulls stood nearly six feet at the shoulders. On the weighing scales they averaged 1,800 pounds. Constantly on the fight, we road-branded, stagged and dehorned them before leaving the buying corral. The first time we tried it, four of them got into a free-for-all fight, one being fatally hooked. They had to be pulled apart on ropes.

After they were purchased the mixed cattle were pastured on Senijeni Mesa. When our outfit assembled the herd the animals were brought to the post and held overnight. Going out with me were two white cowboys, middle-aged Coil Davis and "Bean Belly." The latter was so named because of a protruding stomach. He elected to drive the carry-all wagon and do the cooking. A voracious eater, he also proved unbelievably indolent.

The other trail drivers were all Navajo cowboys, Paul Begay, Soney Bidoney, Cowboy, Tom Jones, Littleman, Natissan Begay and Indische Begay.

Trailing from corrals at noon we made a short five miles to



Paul Begay acted as strawboss over Indian cowboys.

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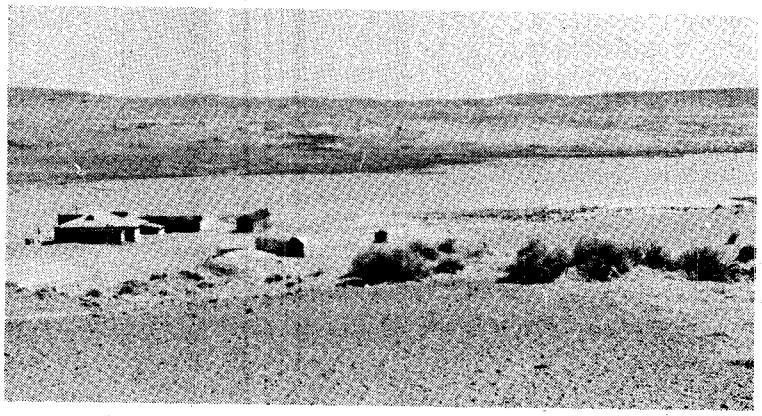
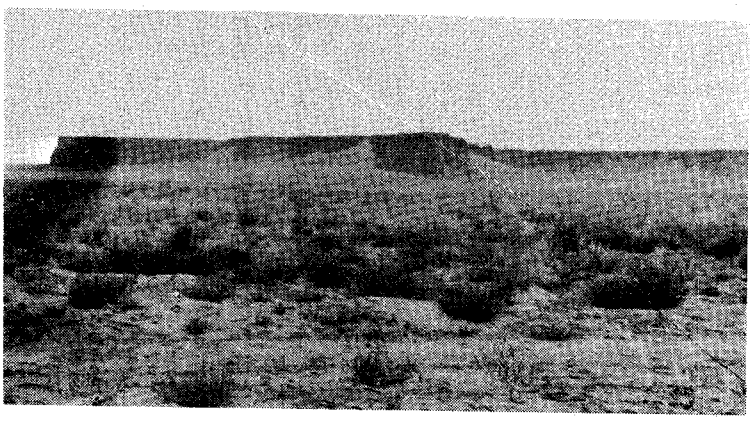
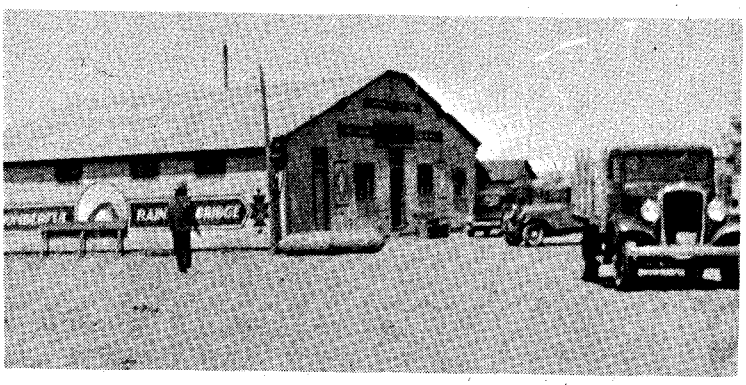
The waterless Melgosa Desert, where the trail herd from Navajo Mountain country very nearly ended in disaster.



Desolate Redlake (Tonales) where the ornery stockman cut herd and seized 28 head of fat, barren cows.



Garces' Mesa in Painted Desert (n. of Leupp)—Kildare had trouble here with stockman and Indian police chief.



Old Cameron trading post—herd came through during drouth; only barest amount of water was to be had.

Right, Soney Bidoney, one of my Indian cowboys, desert experienced, who found water under dry river sand.

a dirt reservoir. That night Bean Belly brought in the wagon hooked to four mules, cooking the next morning's breakfast before sunup. Not planning to make more than eight or ten miles a day we dallied in Red Valley, staying on water and feed as long as possible for a good fill.

The road distance to Winslow, our destination, was just about 250 miles. The route we took of necessity lay fifty and more miles most of the way from any vehicle-travelled courses. Through this desert country it was at least 400 wandering miles.

Having used this drive route before I knew what to expect in the way of very little grass and water. But that year we also faced additional hazards imposed by an extended drought. In arid country from Tuba City to Cameron on the Little Colorado River, and from there to terminus, we had expected to water no oftener than every two or three days. That year there just wasn't any to be had.

The second afternoon about three o'clock the lightning and rain created our first near disaster. In high altitudes rain-floods are always dangerous. Each recovered segment of our herd was held under close guard and soon appeared docilely trail broken. Yet we seldom enjoyed a moment's respite from tension. Some bug in their cranky heads might plunge them into another delaying run. Loss of the herd would bankrupt the family business.

Coming out of the valley at Redlake we corraled in a series of government-owned pens on a flat next to the dipping vats. This eliminated standing night guard and gave the cowboys a rest. Our "official" trouble began with the district government stockman. He arrived with three Indians to cut the herd early the next morning. Since this had never been done before, and our Indian-thumbed bills of sale had already been accepted, his motives were viewed with suspicion. Holding us up unnecessarily long, he cut out 28 head of fat cows by noon and drove them away.

The blustering, officious stockman refused to listen to my protests. He insisted the cows ranged in age from three to seven.

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Fifteen hundred head of mixed cattle were 'sold' over this counter, solely by barter—not one dime in cash was asked for by the Indian sellers. Indian clerks, as shown here, waited on average customer.

therefore our purchasing them was a violation of government regulations.

Smirking in triumph, convinced he finally caught an Indian trader cold, he declared, "When I get through with you people you'll lose your license, forfeit your cash bond, and your store and goods will be seized to boot!"

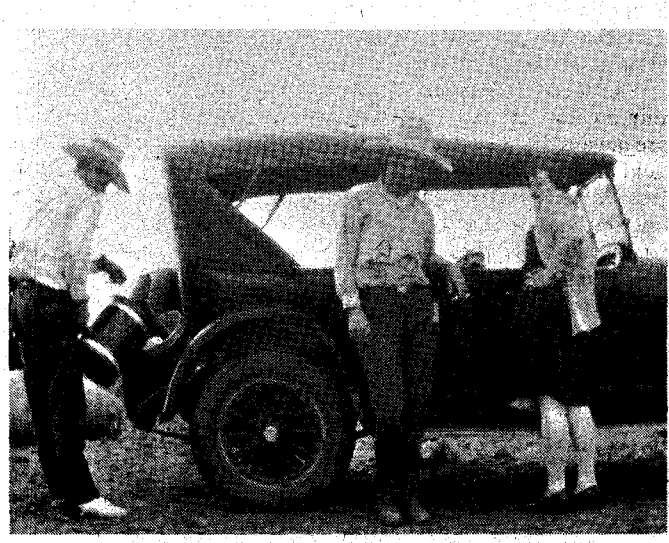
Most Indian Service officials were badly underpaid in those days. This half-witted stockman hated traders because, in his dim-witted mind, he imagined they were getting rich. Few were ever as nasty as this one.

That night our camp was pitched between a sandy road trace and Mormon Mesa. When two squaws came along lazy Bean Belly persuaded them into frying their own kind of bread for supper. While we sat eating, the squaws continuing to fry bread in the dutch oven, a party of tourists came along. Seeing flickering firelight and the guarded herd, they drove over bumpy ground into camp. Two ladies in this party watched the bread-making awhile before asking if they might have a serving. Some being given them, they pronounced it delicious.

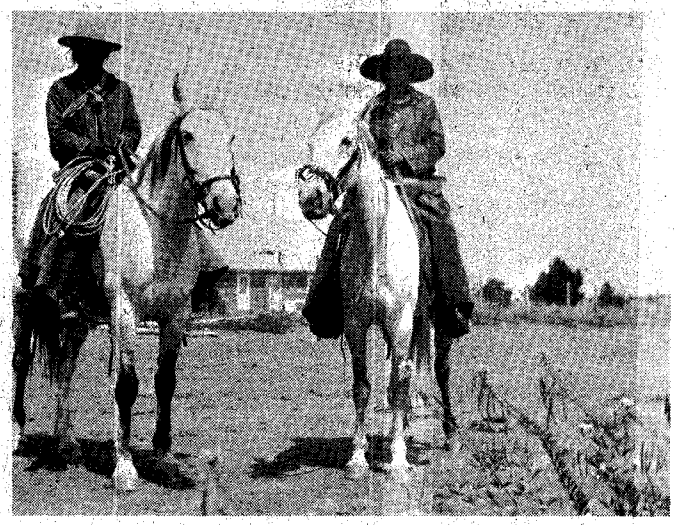
One woman asked the lanky Davis, "Is the reason why it tastes so good because they flatten the dough thin?"

The cowboy, who disliked Navajo bread, replied, "Yes, ma'am. But it tastes much better when they squash it on a flat rock with their bare feet."

(Continued on page 45)



Coil Davis (center) was with author during entire drive: he was competent Texas cowboy.



Two of our Navajo cowboys who helped with the trail drive, Natissan Begay and Indische Begay (r).

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THE COLD SPRINGS

The Cheyenne and Black Hills Stage Line decided that the best defense against stage bandits were well-armed, round-the-clock guards; they decided on this after their supposedly burglar-proof strongbox was dynamited, and a number of men, both guards and bandits were killed at Cold Springs...

GREAT CHANGES TOOK PLACE in the Black Hills of the Dakotas when gold was discovered in 1875. Eager prospectors flooded the region which technically was the preserve of the redoubtable Sioux Indians. Troops sent out to pacify the bellicose warriors were attacked, and finally, in the spring of 1876, a force of the Seventh Cavalry under Colonel George Armstrong Custer was massacred at the Little Big Horn River.

Thereafter the military set forth to rid the region between the North Platte and Missouri Rivers of Indiana, thereby, of course, opening the entire area to white settlement.

By the early spring of 1876, more than 10,000 miners were camped in the vicinity of Custer City. Deadwood, soon to become synonymous with riotous mining camps, was laid out in the spring and by early fall was an active, boisterous city with several thousand inhabitants. Money was for the taking, and saloon owners and dancehall girls overnight descended upon the community, extracting their gold from the willing, grizzled prospectors rather than from the hard earth.

One early enterprise which sought to capitalize upon booming business opportunities was the "Cheyenne & Black Hills Stage Line," more commonly known as the "Deadwood Stage." The company was organized in the summer of 1876 by I.T. Gilmer and M. Salisbury, two ex-Wells Fargo men who had located in Cheyenne, Wyoming. Gilmer and Salisbury soon hired Luke Voorhees, an experienced station agent, as the line's general manager and presented him with the task of establishing a route. Within two months he had contracted for stage stands every fifteen miles northward from Cheyenne through Chugwater, Fort Laramie, Rawhide Buttes, across the Niobrara River near present Lusk, and on through Custer City to the ultimate destination of Deadwood.

He hired the necessary hands, bought approximately three hundred horses, and purchased several Concord stagecoaches from New Hampshire. By fall, the line was in full operation, going strong.

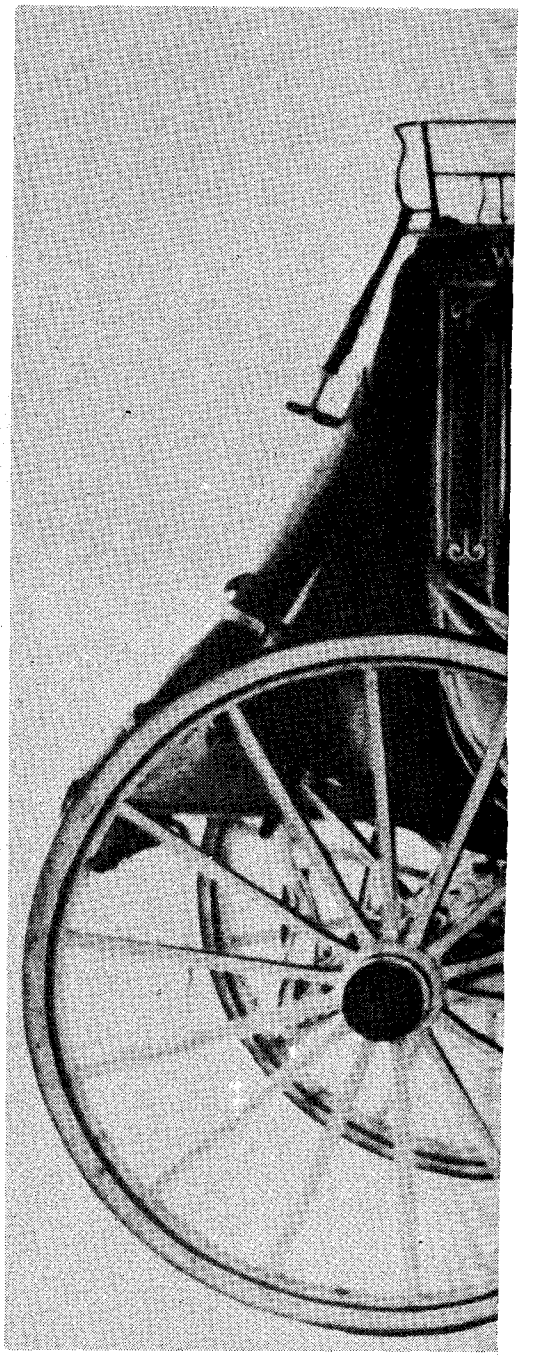
Stages departed Cheyenne and Deadwood daily on a gruelling three-day, three hundred mile journey. Running night and day, they stopped only for changes of horses, which could be accomplished in as little as seven minutes, and for three welcome meals a day. The coaches were drafty—dusty in the summer and wet and cold in the winter. And for all the jostling about a passenger was expected to endure, he was required to pay the sum of ten cents per mile for his fare.

Passenger service, although profitable, was not the mainstay of the stage line. For Gilmer and Salisbury, the shipment of mail, freight, and gold was far more lucrative. When, early in 1877, the partners were able to secure a government contract to carry mail between Cheyenne and Deadwood, their business success seemed assured. Soon thereafter they began adding almost $75,000 worth of needed equipment to the stage line, and even built a telegraph line between their two terminals.

In the spring of 1877 the Cheyenne & Black Hills Stage Line began hauling two gold shipments a month from Deadwood to Cheyenne. As the company's schedule was public information, attempted robberies were not uncommon. In April, 1877, several bandits waylaid a Deadwood stage and killed the driver, John Slaughter.

By late spring the line, seriously concerned for the safety of the gold shipments and its employees, was looking for a better method. General manager Voorhees in late spring purchased what appeared to be the answer to all the firm's problems—a special Concord coach.

The stage was especially constructed of three-quarter inch steel plating. The windowless vehicle, similar in size and appearance to a regular stagecoach, could accommodate a large cargo of gold bullion plus three armed men. Once inside the coach, the guards could fire their weapons at would-be outlaws from especially designed portholes. And, most important to Voorhees, the dreadnought



Beautiful vehicle pictured didn't

contained what the manufacturer claimed was a "burglar-proof safe," impossible to open in less than twenty-four hours.

Voorhees reasoned that if it would take an experienced safe-cracker twenty-four hours to open it, the average Black Hills bandit would need several days. By July, 1877, the "Treasure Coach" was in service and carting as much as $300,000 per trip from Deadwood to Cheyenne.

Voorhees' system was soon put to the

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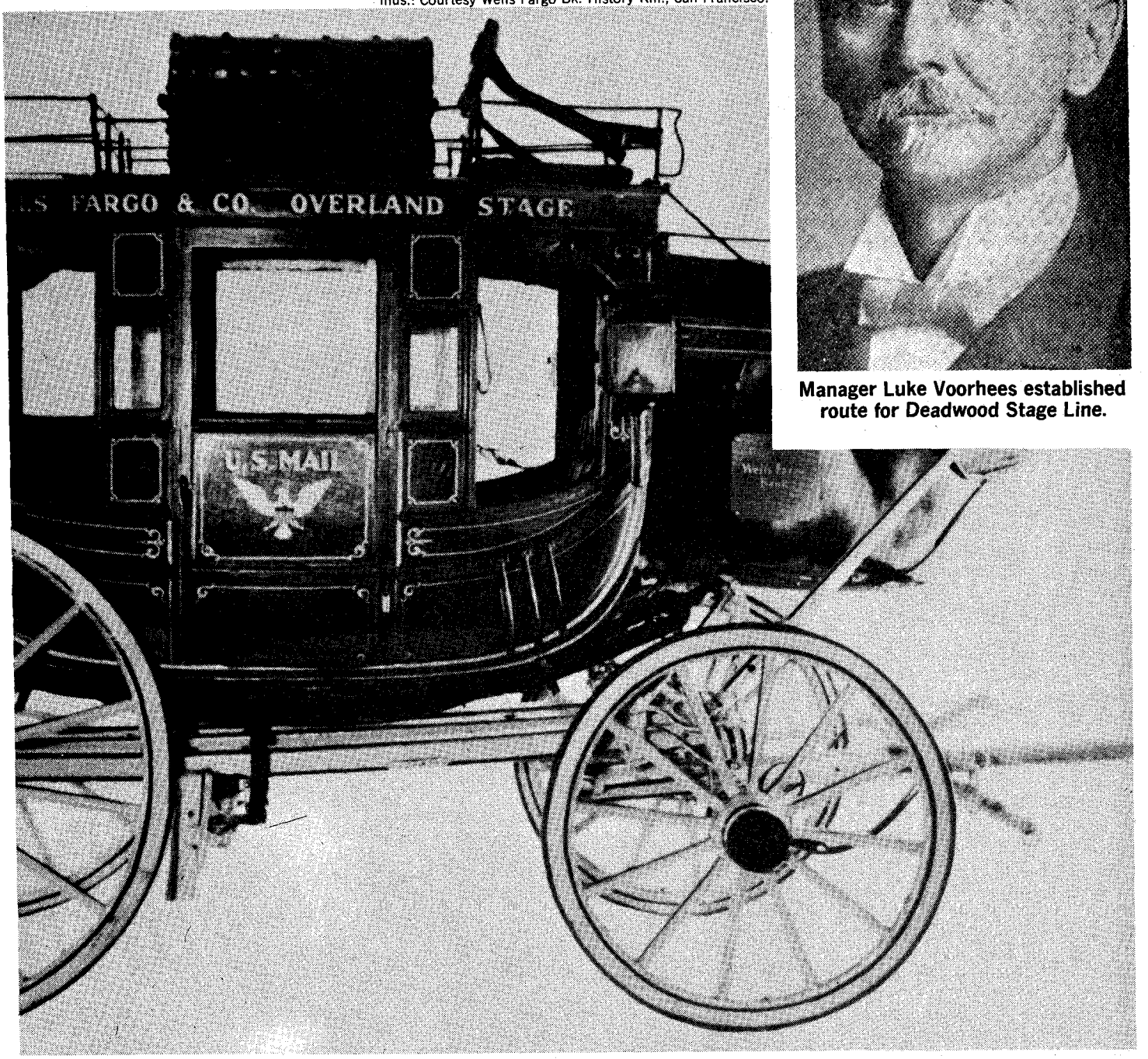
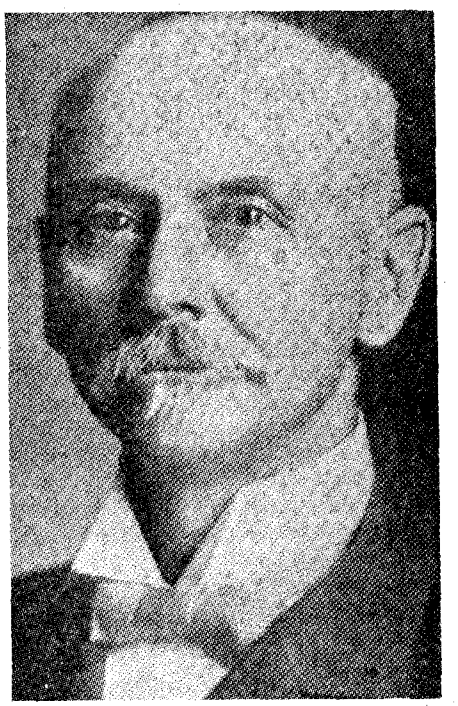
HOLDUP

by J.M. Skaggs

Illus.: Courtesy Wells Fargo Bk. History Rm., San Francisco.





Manager Luke Voorhees established route for Deadwood Stage Line.

compare with steel construction of stagecoach caught and plundered during Cold Springs holdup.

test. For the September 29, 1877 run the company had secured the services of seven guards: Scott Davis, Jesse Brown, Gale Hill, Boone May, Billy Sample, William Smith, and John Zimmerman. Davis, in command of the contingent, left three of his men, Brown, May and Sample at Beaver Station, some sixty miles from Deadwood, because the trip from Deadwood back to the station could be negotiated during daylight hours when a robbery was least likely. Hence, by leaving these men there, they could rest their mounts and would be ready to join the treasure-laden wagon when it returned from Deadwood the following evening. Zimmerman was ordered to detour to a nearby ranch, to procure an extra team of horses for the heavy coach, and to rendezvous with the gold shipment at Cold Spring Station, twenty miles from Beaver Station and forty miles from Deadwood. Davis and the remainder accompanied the stage to Deadwood to pick up the gold.

On the morning of September 29, Davis supervised the loading of more than $50,000 worth of gold dust and bullion and currency. Also, Donald Campbell, a Cheyenne and Black Hills telegrapher who needed to reach one of the relay stations, had asked for a ride, and Davis, either feeling short-handed or desiring to help a fellow employee, signed him on as another guard. When the coach left Deadwood early that morning, one of the reg-

(*Continued on page 42*)

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Al Jennings (left) was a better movie outlaw than he was in real life. But Tom Mix (right) had a real life similar to what he portrayed in his many films.

WHAT??? REAL LIFE GUNSLINGERS ON MOVIE SCREENS?

By SAM HENDERSON

THE NEWS SWEPT like a hurricane through the streets of Bartlesville, Oklahoma.

"Hey!" one man shouted to another. "Have you heard? Emmet Dalton's in trouble again!"

"Oh-hh no-oo-."

"Yes! He's back behind bars!"

It was indeed so. The month was March and the year 1910. Nearly two decades had passed since the Dalton boys' ill fated raid on Coffeyville, Kansas. The oldest two of that fearsome trio now lay dead in their graves. The youngest, Emmett, had long since paid his debt to society. Lawlessness, it was believed, was forever in his past. But now his hometown was shaken by the news that he was back in jail.

How had it happened? Before providing the answer, it's perhaps best to drop back to the day of Dalton's parole from Leavenworth Prison. Stepping from behind those dark and foreboding walls, he found the West had changed.

Statehood had been granted to Oklahoma and oil discovered beneath it's badlands. Motor cars were chugging their way through the back country. Moving pictures were appearing on theatre screens. Railroads were crisscrossing the plains and skyscrapers were arising from out of the sage.

Emmett, although determined to go straight, didn't find adjustment easy. He'd settled in Bartlesville near the site of Oklahoma's first oil well and where prospects seemed brightest. But even there his dreams rapidly converted into nightmares. His several attempts at private business resulted in fiascos. He was overwhelmingly defeated in a bid for public office. It seemed he might spend the remainder of his life paying for his crimes.

Then suddenly, a Coffeyville impressario named G.W. Tuckett came on the scene with what seemed relief for Dalton's many frustrations. He suggested Emmett try his hand at "movie actin'." "Some fellow" calling himself Scout Younger had been making money on movies telling the "true story" of the James-Younger gang. Why couldn't Emmett produce "an epic" showing crime didn't pay? Emmett couldn't possibly have been more elated.

Unlike most of that day's movie stars, Emmett had real experience in bank and train robbery. While cameraman Tuckett "kept 'em rolling," Emmett relived scenes from out of the past. Within a matter of weeks they'd completed a two reel thriller.

Early in 1910 the title WAGES OF SIN appeared on screen at the Oklan Theatre in downtown Bartlesville. Show goers, young and old, day and night packed the galleries and thrilled to the adventures of their "local hero." They breathlessly watched Emmett

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When Bill Tilghman (right) needed a technical advisor for his "real" western movie, he called on former Marshall Chuck Colcord (left).

"riding down out of the north." They saw him leap from the saddle and board a rapidly moving freight train. They thrilled as he got the drop on the engineer.

Emmett acted against the possibility of his performance inspiring a crime wave. He acted to be sure his youthful admirers didn't follow him into a life of outlawry. After each show he'd go on stage and express regret for his past. During the lecture endless sobs would catch in his throat. But finally, with a quivering voice, he'd complete the final lines.

There's reason to believe Dalton, the man who'd faced down some of the Old West's most fearsome gunslingers, cowered before his first audiences. It's definite he could perform only between slugs from a jug of red eye liquor. More than once during the engagement he became completely intoxicated.

On one such occasion theatre manager John Flynn came to regret booking him. Emmett, staggeringly drunk, approached him behind stage and demanded money immediately.

Flynn hesitated. He's made his business arrangements with Tuckett. More than once he'd been warned against giving Dalton money.

Suddenly furious, Emmett whipped his six gun. The manager's eyes came out on stems as the barrel's cold steel pressed against his nose. His Adam's apple, completely out of control, bobbed up and down. He found it difficult even to breathe.

Right then an usher unexpectedly arrived on the scene. Emmett whirled. In that instant Flynn fled. He ran into the street and summoned a police officer.

This brings us back to the scene opening this narrative, with Emmett behind bars and Bartlesville shook by excitement. He was held in the local jail until sober. Then, somehow, Tuckett managed to get him released.

At this moment still another frontiersman was beginning his dramatic career. His name was Tom Mix and many readers no doubt remember him as a boyhood hero. He, for more than two decades, kept youngsters lined up outside Saturday matinee theatres. Generally he played the lawman who'd cleaned up some of the wildest towns in the west.

It was no accident he did so fittingly. A number of western communities still remember him as a peace officer. Montgomery County, Kansas is one such—the very same Montgomery County in which the Dalton boys were shot from their saddles and where the murderous Katy Bender once kept her inn.

Marion County, Tennessee is another. In 1907 he answered the call of its harried officials and went there determined to close down its many whiskey stills. He accomplished that task in less than a year and then moved on to the Two Buttes country of Colorado. There he helped restore order to rip-roaring construction camps.

It's not hard to imagine how Hollywood's press agentry reacted to Tom Mix's adventuresome past. They let their imaginations run wild and greatly elaborated his law enforcement activity. They pictured him as the Texas

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When real life sheriffs and outlaws found they could make more money on the screen than robbing trains or trying to prevent train robberies they headed for the movie studios. In this special book-length feature Sam Henderson chronicles the screen careers of the real life gunslingers—careers that often had hilarious results!

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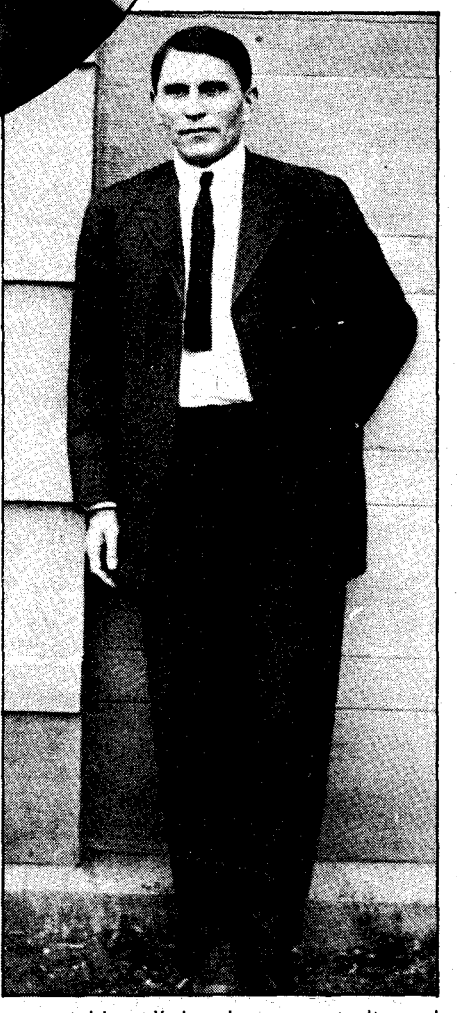
Governor J.B.A. Robertson (left) pardoned Henry Starr (below) shortly after taking office. However, he refused to intervene when Starr insisted he was being fleeced by his business partner.



Ranger who took the trail of desperados other peace officers were too fearful to go after. They made him a United States Marshal and placed him in the ranks of the Canadian Mounted Police. They described him as charging up San Juan Hill in the front ranks of Teddy Roosevelt's Rough Riders. They created a legend which only vaguely resembled truth.

Yet his life story as actually happened bears out Byron's contention that truth is stranger than fiction. While patroling labor camps in four states Tom experienced adventures far more exciting than those later appearing on movie screens. He encountered problems not unlike those faced by Wild Bill Hickok in the cow towns of Kansas and by Wyatt Earp in the mining camps of Arizona.

In July of 1912, while touring in Canada, Tom found himself about to become a father. His wife, Olive, was rapidly moving deeper into pregnancy. They agreed the baby should be born on Oklahoma soil and so started homeward.

Their daughter, Ruth Jane, was born on the 13th. Tom immediately resumed his law enforcement career. He served first as a labor camp peace officer in the oil fields. This activity led to his being appointed marshal of Dewey. Then in September he was commissioned an Oklahoma state policeman.

Stationed in Bartlesville, right outside the famous Burbank field, he cracked down on law breakers running rum down out of Kansas and into the Indian country. Gradually he managed to slow what had been a steady stream to a trickle. All developments indicated his becoming a career sheriff.

But then there came a call from Selig Studios of Chicago. He was ordered to report immediately to a lot near Prescott, Arizona. The company had decided to star him in a series of two-reel westerns.

Tom took along a fellow Dewey peace officer. Pat Fields was his name and he had descended from an outlaw family. Henry Starr, the bank robber who boasted the distinction of having outrobbed Jesse James, was his uncle. Sam Fields, his father, had been shot and killed in a gunfight.

But Pat had decided against following them down the Owl Hoot Trail. He had instead pinned on a tin star and went to work at cleaning up the oil field boom camps. He became the nemesis of bootleggers all up and down the Oklahoma-Kansas border.

For a time it seemed Pat might become a highly successful actor. He spent several years in playing supporting roles in Mix pictures. But then World War I erupted and he volunteered for service. He served heroically in France and even witnessed the Armistice. He was ready to start homeward and resume his career when an influenza epidemic swept the barracks. He fell prey and died within a few days.

Sid Jordan was another of Mix's fellow peace officers who made it in motion pictures. Sid's father, popularly known as "Uncle John" Jordan, had served as a leader of the Cherokee Light Horse Police in the old Indian Territory.

After statehood he became the first sheriff of Washington County (in which Dewey and Bartlesville are located). He had tracked down and singlehandedly captured a notorious bad man named Mose Miller, and too served in posses dogging the trail of all the more notorious outlaw bands.

Sid served for several years as his father's deputy. He helped Tom Mix and Pat Fields hold a lid on Dewey. And, too, he patroled the Osage Hills which provided rendezvous for some of the more notorious bad men.

But by 1914 Oklahoma was becoming settled. Sid and other peace officers had practically brought an end to organized crime in the oil fields. Gunfire now became as rare as it had once been common. Women and children again found it safe to venture out after dark. Many of the old time peace officers found it difficult to live in the orderly world which they themselves had helped bring about.

Sid became so disgusted he turned in his badge. He threw a bedroll over his pony's rump and went galloping away across the plains. He figured life would be better on the "other side of the hill" over Arizony way.

Not so! The entire southwest had been tamed and settled. Towns like Tombstone, Tucson, and Prescott had gone dead at the end of the mining boom. These, too, now dozed sleepily in the western sun.

Having nothing better to do, Sid ventured onto a Tom Mix movie lot near Prescott. He hadn't seen the screen star in more than a year.

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Sid showed up at the moment Tom was about to begin production on ESCAPE OF JIM DOLAN. The cast was complete except for an actor to play the renegade sheriff. No one available fit the role.

"What about you?" Tom demanded of Sid.

"Me? I'm no actor."

"You used to be a sheriff. All you'd have to do is act natural."

Thus began another career in motion pictures. Sid played the outlaw role in most of Tom Mix's bigger movies. Few of those attending realized he and the hero had once been fellow peace officers.

In the fall of 1913 Buffalo Bill Cody began to make pictures. Cody was a pioneer movie maker. That showman had in fact helped Ned Buntline devise the story formula followed still today by producers of "shoot 'em up" thrillers. They'd put on stage in 1872 a thriller entitled "SCOUTS OF THE PRAIRIE." This had all the ingredients —bad men, Indians, and a hero—of present day western movies.

But the camera was yet to be invented so Cody organized a Wild West show. He toured it triumphantly for more than three decades. He pioneered in what eventually generated into present day rodeo.

It wasn't until 1913 he got around to applying the story formula he'd helped to originate. Financed by Sells Floto Circus, he set up a studio on the Pine Tree Indian reservation. There he turned out eight one-reel thrillers. These were released simultaneously on Saturday afternoons by the Essanay Film Company. A particularly exciting scene had him slaying Yellow Hand in a man-to-man knife duel.

One of Cody's performers remained for some years in motion pictures. This was Bronco Charley Miller. Almost completely forgotten today, he was once amongst the frontier's more colorful characters. At the age of 10 he'd become the youngest of the pony express riders. Later he served with the Fifth Infantry as Indian scout, then as a stage coach driver in the Black Hills. He rode the range in Idaho and tended bar in old Dodge City. Later still he became a frontier evangelist and pioneer soldier in the Salvation Army.

While preaching from the pulpit he realized himself a born ham, a natural actor. And so he decided to try his luck with Wild West shows. He hired on with Buffalo Bill's outfit and toured the world in the front ranks of their parade. He was still beside Cody when the latter decided to take on the movie venture.

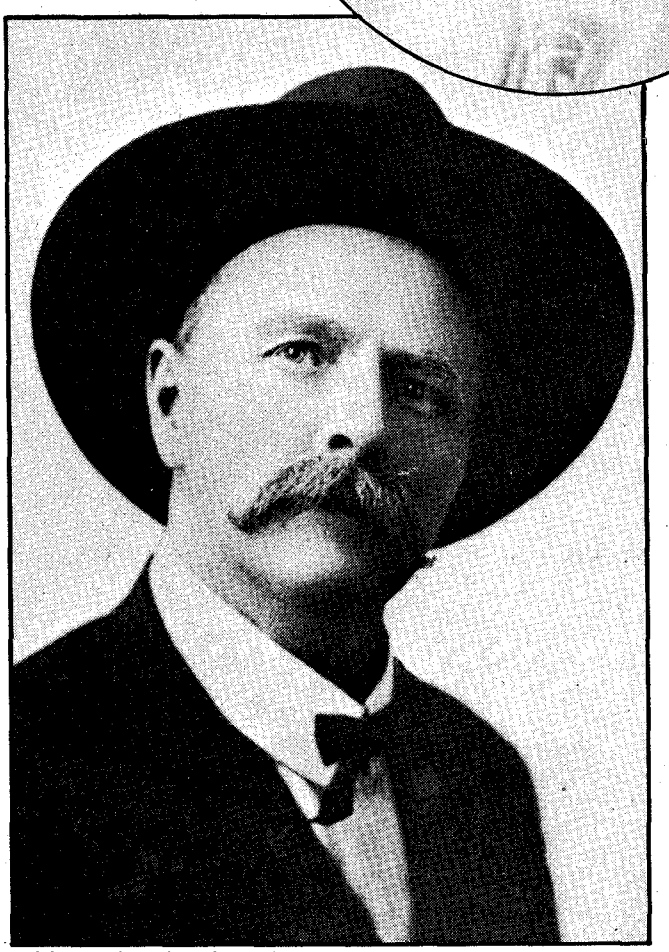
Charley wasn't the last gunslinging evangelist to move from pulpit to movie screen. Al Jennings, a one time bank robber who developed into an orator without peer, spent several years boomingly warning sinners of the fate awaiting them in the hereafter. After bringing congregations to their knees, he'd pass the plate.

But, sadly, there wasn't enough money on the frontier to keep his Salvation Train moving. In 1913 he announced himself about to play himself on movie screens. He planned beginning production immediately on a film entitled BEATING BACK. This would give the real truth about his outlaw career. The real and absolute truth.

Those familiar with just that couldn't help having doubts. The truth about Al just wasn't made to order for a bangup movie thriller. The real facts

(Continued on page 57)

When Emmett Dalton was released from jail he was thrilled at the chance to tell the "true" story of his exploits in front of film audiences.



Bud Ledbetter, one of the bravest men to ever put on the marshall's badge, jumped at the opportunity to come to Chandler, Oklahoma to play himself in Bill Tilghman's movie. In the movie Bud showed how he had captured the Al Jennings gang after betting Tilghman $25 that he could. He captured the entire gang and marched it into Muskogee.

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THE 14-KARAT LOVES

There must have been more to Horace Austin Warner Tabor—popularly referred to as Silver Dollar Tabor—than his money, to inspire such devotion in Augusta, the wife of his youth and middle age, and Elizabeth McCourt Tabor, pretty young wife of his old age, who was known in the tabloids of the world as Baby Doe Tabor...

by Louise Cheney

THERE IS HARDLY A western buff in the land who does not know the story of H.A.W. Tabor and how he made millions from silver in the Leadville, Colorado area. And almost equally well known is the story of the glamorous Baby Doe who so enchanted Tabor that he first made her his mistress and then his wife after he divorced his first mate, Augusta.

Much ado has been made about Baby Doe's loyalty to Tabor after he lost his money and how she stuck by him to the bitter end, but scant mention has been made of Augusta who labored by his side for eighteen long years before he hit the jackpot.

All through those years while Tabor labored to realize his dream of a big bonanza in the mountains of Colorado, Augusta worked with him and encouraged him. Into the wilds of Colorado she trekked with him and met the frontier on its own terms and helped thrust it back, thus paving the way for civilization. And when Tabor's dream finally came true and a veritable flood of silver flowed into his coffers he abandoned her for the younger and more beautiful Baby Doe.

Certainly Augusta's story deserves to be told, for like her husband she merits top billing in the gallery of western pioneers.

In this writer's opinion the most comprehensive story of Augusta Tabor is to be found in the excellent book. "Augusta Tabor, Her Side Of The Scandal," by the very fine historian and writer, Caroline Bancroft of Denver. Miss Bancroft explored every known source for the facts concerning Augusta Tabor, and her book belongs in every collection of Western Americana. For the facts here presented I am indebted to Miss Bancroft.

Both Augusta and Horace Tabor were New Englanders, Augusta being from Maine and Horace from Vermont. The two met in 1852 in Maine where Horace, a stone cutter then, was working for Augusta's father, a contractor. After two years they became engaged. Then for two more years Horace homesteaded a farm in Riley County, Kansas. At the end of that period the two were married in Augusta's home in Maine.

Augusta did not enjoy her life on the Kansas frontier. She worked very hard, was very lonely, but she and Horace did not prosper. With her inherited New England fortitude Augusta endured the hardships of the frontier without complaint. It was there that the couple's only child, a son named Maxcy, was born.

Then came news that gold had been discovered in Colorado and Augusta and Horace joined the migratory flood that surged to the Rockies in search of the siren, gold. It was in April, 1859 that the Tabors, in company with two men friends, departed Kansas in an ox drawn covered wagon. The baby was sixteen months old, and Tabor took along some cows to provide milk.

The trip consumed over two months and the party hit Denver on June 20th. There they rested the cattle for two weeks. After making their way to Gordon, Colorado, the three men made a decision to go on to Gregory Diggings, (present day Central City.) They were forced to make the journey on foot, since there were no wagon trails.

Augusta and the baby, who was ill and teething, were left behind. Augusta wrote later that she was ill and exhausted. She was all alone except for the cows. Any human habitation was twelve miles away. But Augusta bore the hardship with the same fortitude that she had shown on the bleak Kansas frontier.

After a 3-week absence the men returned, but on July 26 they pushed into the mountains again, this time using the wagon. They traveled via Russell Gulch, arriving, after some twenty days, at Payne's Bar, (now Idaho Springs.) The Tabor party's wagon was the first through the route and Augusta was the first white woman to reach the spot.

The men made a home of logs and used the tent they had with them as a roof. Though life was hard in the wilderness, Augusta adjusted to it. Tabor began prospecting and Augusta, ever resourceful and thrifty, set up her own business. She baked pies and bread and fed many of the miners. She milked the cows and sold the milk.

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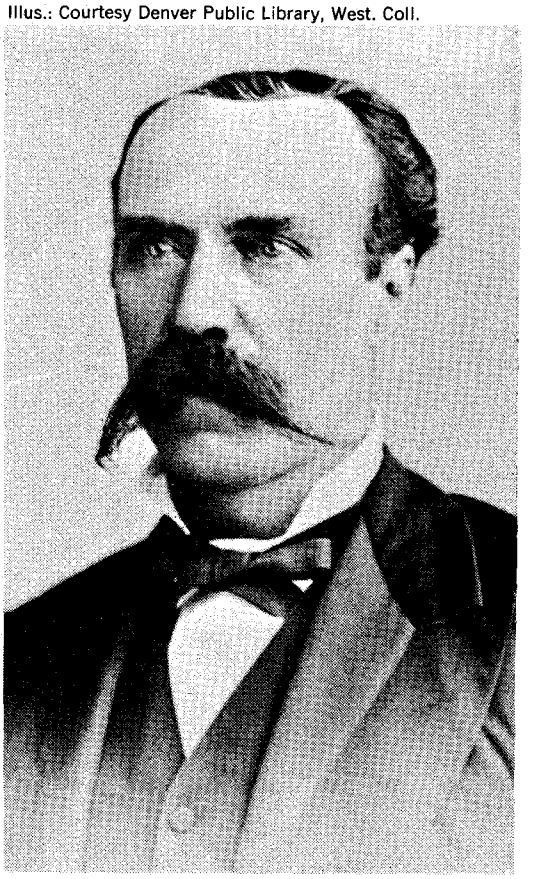

Hon. Horace Austin Warner Tabor.

Horace hunted for gold but found no color, but Augusta made enough money in the wilds to pay out the farm in Kansas and to support the family through the winter, which they spent in Denver. In February Horace went back to his claim —and found that it had been jumped. He then decided to try prospecting further up the Arkansas. He returned to Denver to advise Augusta of his decision, and she prepared to move.

The Tabors traveled via Ute Pass. In a month they reached South Pass. Augusta later said she was enthusiastic over the wild beauty of the route, especially the glory of the sunsets.

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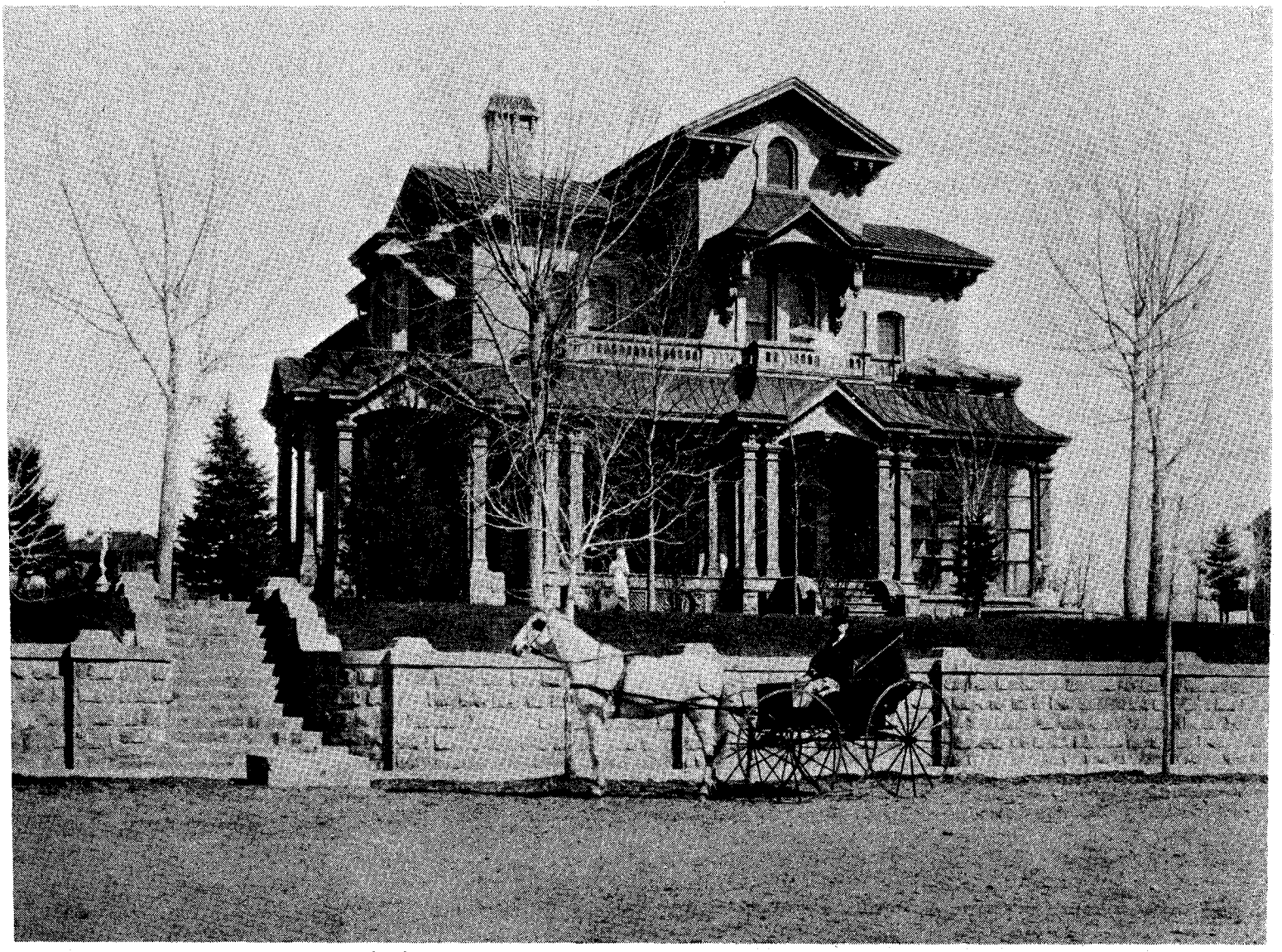
OF A SILVER KING



After Tabor made the grade financially, he bought this stately mansion for Augusta.

The Tabors continued their journey and twice crossed the ice-packed Arkansas. Horace tried placer mining but again was unsuccessful, as a heavy black substance clung to the gold he did locate. The placering project consumed several weeks and finally, in May of 1860, the Tabors arrived at California Gulch, and once again Augusta was the first white woman in the camp. Again the men set up a crude log dwelling. They butchered the oxen that had brought them from Kansas and divided the meat among the miners.

Again, now, on the wild frontier, Augusta established a business. While she ran it, Horace prospected. The Tabors had the only gold scale in the camp and Augusta weighed gold dust for the prospectors. She also took in boarders and washed and ironed for the miners. In a short time there were some 10,000 inhabitants in the gulch. With that many people there arose a need for a mail and express office, so Augusta became the postmistress of Oro City, as the camp was called. Later she recalled that she was happy that summer. (After Tabor left her, many years later, she said that she felt that her labor and self sacrifice in those early years laid the foundation for their wealth. "Had I not stayed with him and worked by his side, he would have become discouraged, returned to the stonecutting trade and so lost his big opportunity," she explained)

By September Horace had mined $5,000 worth of gold dust, and Augusta was given $1000 for a trip to see her parents. She made the journey via mule train, cooking for her board. The journey took five weeks and Augusta arrived at her destination with her money intact.

She took that $1000 and bought 160 acres adjoining the Tabor farm in Kansas. Her parents bought her an outfit of new clothes. Soon Horace and Maxcy came up to Maine to meet her, and in the spring she purchased a team of mules, and a wagon, for their return trip to Colorado.

On the trip back to Colorado Horace invested his money in flour in Iowa. When the couple eventually arrived back in the gulch they opened a general store in their log cabin home. Horace worked the claim from which he had taken over $5,000 and Augusta managed the store. In her book Miss Bancroft writes that Augusta also carried gold to the Denver express office

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on horseback. So that road agents would not guess her cargo she carried the dust hidden in her skirts! And all the while she coined money from the store. In fact she took in more than her husband, since the placer gold was running out.

There came a time when the placer gold did indeed run completely out and the prospectors made an exodus from the camp in search of richer pickings. By fall it was virtually a ghost town. The Tabors then made plans to move to Buckskin Joe camp on the other side of the Mosquito Range. Once established they set up another general store. It also became the post office for the camp.

Horace found no color and finally gave up prospecting to put in his time at the store.

Still, Horace Tabor could not forget the gold in the mountains of Colorado which he had not succeeded in locating. He began grubstaking prospectors with the understanding that if they did locate a bonanza they would share with him. Augusta had no patience with this practice. To her it was good money sent after bad. She didn't think Horace would ever find gold but she did not tell him so, and she never put pressure on him to leave the frontier.

In 1868 the Tabors moved back to Oro City when the Printer Boy Mine was enlarged. They put up a four-room log house near present day Leadville and they opened another store in the crude structure. Ten years passed with Augusta ever at her husband's side helping him to earn a living. That made eighteen years that the Tabors had been in Colorado. And Horace still stuck to his dream that somewhere in the awesome mountains of Colorado lay a bonanza especially for him. But in the meantime he made good money at his store.

The year 1877 rolled around and with it came good news for the prospectors. The heavy black substance that stuck to the gold and so plagued the miners was found to be silver! If a man struck a vein of it he could make a fortune.

And once again a great tide of humanity surged to California Gulch, but this time the prospectors were after silver. For the most part the majority of the people settled in the lower section of the gulch, and the Tabors, to keep in tune, moved the store a mile farther down and opened up for business. That time they built a structure of a story and a half, and lived upstairs.

From the very first, money poured in for the Tabors. Business expanded to such an extent that two clerks were hired for the post office alone. Then Horace opened a bank, as he owned a sturdy iron safe, and there the miners stored their money. Business increased and again several clerks were added to the store.

In January, 1878, there were some seventy dwellings of all descriptions in the camp. The people held a meeting and named their town Leadville. Tabor was elected mayor. By that time he was worth some $30,000.

The Tabors built a home away from the store and there the thrifty and hard-working Augusta took in boarders. And all the while Tabor dreamed of his own special bonanza, and he still handed out grubstakes.

One day—to be exact it was on April 21, 1878—two Germans, August Rische and George Hook, came to Tabor for a grubstake. The agreeable merchant told them to select their needs. They took $17 worth of supplies. Then the three men signed an agreement that if Hook and Rische struck it rich Tabor's share would be one-third.

The two men departed and after a few days returned for more supplies. They told Tabor they had located a claim which looked promising but needed tools. Tabor gave them the tools and the bill came to $60. The two men left, very sure the future looked bright.

And then Lady Luck decided to really shed her bounty on Horace Tabor. Early in May Rische burst into Tabor's store and shouted, "We've hit it. We've hit it!" Tabor could scarcely believe his ears. At long last, after 18 long years of frustration, he had hit the big bonanza.

Elizabeth McCourt Tabor—"Baby Doe."

Augusta was hard-working, loyal, got the gate.

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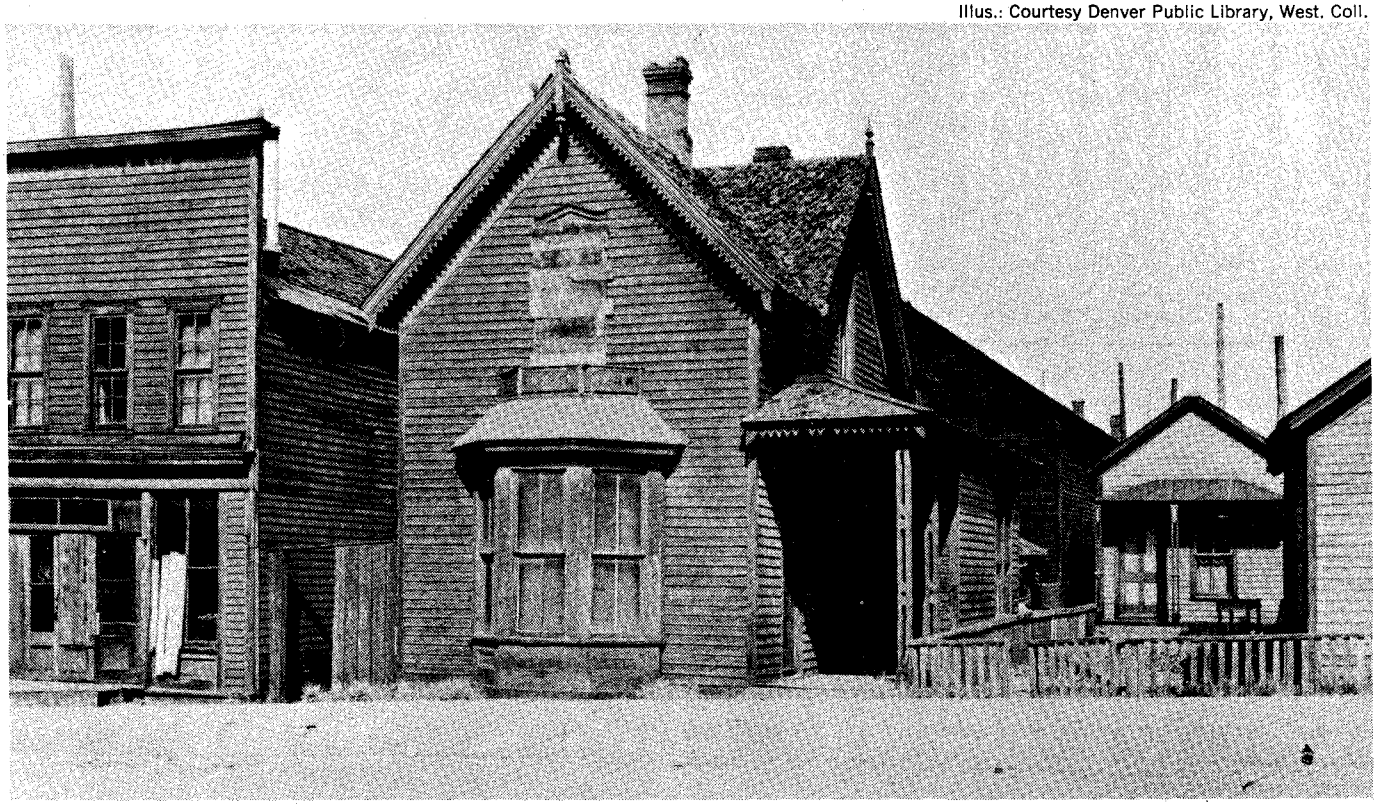

The Tabors lived in this modest residence on Harrison St. in Leadville... B.T.S. (Before The Silver.)

Rische told the truth, for he and Hook had indeed discovered a fabulous silver deposit. The claim which they had named Little Pittsburgh brought to Horace Tabor alone $500,000 in the next fifteen months. Then, with his luck still running high, he purchased another claim called the Chrysolite, and it brought him more hundreds of thousands of dollars.

Augusta was unimpressed. All during the summer she labored at the store and fed her boarders. Tabor also worked at the store. In the fall the Tabors sold out their business since Horace wished to enjoy his money. At the fall elections he was named Lieutenant Governor of Colorado. It was then that he decided to move to Denver.

In 1879 Horace Tabor rented the Henry C. Brown house on 17th and Broadway in Denver. The next month, in February, he purchased it for $40,000. People swarmed there to call upon Augusta but she was still unimpressed. She could not forget the poverty of the early years of her marriage. Tabor gave her a fine carriage, a replica of the one used at the White House in Washington. Still Augusta seemed emotionally unmoved by their wealth. She is said to have told a friend that she was thinking how the money spent for the carriage would have helped them when they began their married life.

And so the fact that Augusta and Horace did not see eye to eye about their sudden wealth was the beginning of the rift between them that was eventually to sever their relationship and their marriage.

Augusta kept her cow even when she moved to Denver, and tethered it on the lawn. She also lived downstairs in their fine home so as to be close to her stove. She even did her own milking.

Tabor was humiliated, and the couple quarreled frequently. Finally Horace began to spend his spare time away from home. He visited the sin parlors and the night spots and he began seeing other women who fawned upon him because of his great wealth.

On the sly Tabor kept seeing a beautiful girl, lovely Willie Deville, and even took her to New York with him. There Willie broadcast the affair in the hotel and a woman there attempted to blackmail Tabor. Then and there he decided Willie's tongue was too loose and parted with her, giving her $5000 to heal her broken heart. Some two years later Willie gave the story to a reporter in St. Louis and Augusta acquired the details of the interview and kept them.

In 1879 Tabor sold out his share of the Little Pittsburgh for a million dollars. He purchased the Matchless Mine for $117,000 and it proved even richer than the Little Pittsburgh. Then he and Augusta took a trip east, and in Chicago he bought large holdings. By that time he was one of the richest men in his state.

Upon his return to Colorado Horace opened the Tabor Opera House in Leadville. He left Augusta in Denver and neglected to return to spend Christmas with her. He kept a room on the second floor of the Opera House in Leadville which was connected by a passageway to the Claredon Hotel owned by his friend and associate, Bill Bush. As a matter of fact Bush was the manager of Tabor's Opera House. Also as a matter of fact, Tabor had left his home and his wife of many years.

The rift between the Tabors grew wider and wider as time passed. But in 1880 the couple did attend the balls of the Tabor Light Cavalry which Horace had organized and the Tabor Hose Company in Denver. They also entertained ex-President U.S. Grant and Mrs. Grant in Leadville. That was the Tabors' last public appearance together.

In the fall of 1880 Horace Tabor gave Augusta $100,000 as a gift. It was his gesture of goodbye to the wife who had struggled by his side during the many years they had spent in Colorado before Lady Luck stroked him with her magic wand. He left home for good in January of 1881 and took up residence in the Windsor Hotel in Denver, in which he owned an interest.

In the meantime, during the summer of 1880 he had met the glamorous Baby Doe, a divorcee from Central City who had recently moved to Leadville. Bill Bush had introduced them.

Baby Doe always swore that she fell in love with Tabor at first sight, although he was almost double her age. At first Tabor did not return her feelings but he was interested in her because of her youth and beauty. He did, however, enter into an intimate relationship with her, and installed her in the Claredon Hotel in Leadville. And as time passed he fell so deeply in love with Baby Doe that he wanted to marry her.

In January of 1881 Tabor bluntly asked

(Continued on page 56)

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COLD SPRINGS HOLDUP

(Continued from page 33)

ular drivers, Gene Barnett, held the reins, and Gale Hill rode shotgun. Inside, the chief guard, Smith, together with the temporary guard, Campbell, escorted the impregnable safe.

Shortly after noon Zimmerman, with the extra team of horses, arrived at Cold Springs. After a hot meal furnished by the resident stock tender, William Miner, Zimmerman relaxed and waited for the stage which was expected at about half past three. At two o'clock two men on horseback rode up to the stage stand and asked for a drink of water. Miner complied, and the four men conversed casually for a few minutes. Then, just as the strangers appeared to be leaving, one of the pair pulled his pistol and held it on Miner and Zimmerman. They surrendered without a struggle and were bound, gagged, and left in a corner of the barn. Meanwhile, three additional men appeared; apparently they had been watching from the nearby woods. They were leading several pack horses and entered the barn. The five highwaymen were soon hidden, and the barn door closed. Ostensibly, all appeared normal within a few minutes.

Promptly at three-thirty, the stage pulled to a halt some forty feet from the barn door at Cold Springs Station. Hill jumped down from his perch atop the stage and scotched the rear wheels to make ready for a fresh team of horses. Just as Barnett called toward the barn for Miner to hurry and to bring the horses, Davis opened the door of the coach to get out to stretch his legs.

At that point the first shot was fired. It slammed against the steel plating inside the stage, and the three interior guards dropped to the floor, Smith falling so lifelessly that both Davis and Campbell thought he was dead. Simultaneously, Hill fell to the ground near the left rear wheel of the Concord, and Barnett, still holding onto the reins, slipped downward into the protective shroud of the coach's boot, where he was to remain for the balance of the gun battle.

From inside the coach Davis was unable to see any of the bandits in the barn. Smith lay motionless on the floor beside him and Campbell, visibly shaken by the whole affair, suddenly realized that through some grievous oversight no one had furnished him with a gun. Apparently he could not bring himself to borrow the still holstered pistol of the motionless Smith. Davis told Campbell that he was going to run for a grove of trees from which he hoped to better his firing range. Campbell, although warned against it, insisted on going along.

Davis cautiously exited the steel stage and slowly backed toward the trees, carefully keeping the stage between himself and the barn. Once or twice he fired his revolver in the direction of the barn door. Then, just as he reached a large pine tree, one of the outlaws was momentarily careless, and a well-placed shot from Davis struck him in the shoulder. The wounded man dropped his gun, clutched his arm, and hastily retreated toward the horses. He apparently mounted one of the animals and rode away.

Campbell, who had departed the stage immediately after Davis, began to hesitate. Twice he stopped as though to reconsider the wisdom of going to the trees, and then at a point midway across the road he veered in such a way that he was no longer protected by the stage. One bullet knocked him to his knees. A second killed him instantly.

Meanwhile Gale Hill, who had fallen to the earth with the first shot, was firing at the barn door from behind the far end of the coach. One of the highwaymen moved to the hayloft and concentrated his fire on Hill, hitting him twice, once in the chest and once in the right wrist. Soon the guard lay unconscious beside the coach.

Davis, from behind the tree, yelled to Barnett to drive to a safer spot—somewhere away from the stage stand—but either the driver failed to hear or he was too shaken to move, for the vehicle remained where it was. It is doubtful that Barnett could have escaped anyway, for the wheels of the coach had been securely scotched earlier in anticipation of the change of teams.

Within minutes of the first shot, Davis was the gold shipment's only defender. The driver, although armed, crouched impassively in the boot of the stagecoach. Smith lay motionless inside the coach. Hill, bleeding profusely, groaned but otherwise was only semi-conscious. Campbell, unarmed to begin with, lay dead in the road. And all the robbers, except the one who had fled, continued firing in an attempt to dislodge Davis, the last impediment to their success.

One of the bandits crept from the barn to the coach where, hidden from Davis' view, he held a gun on the driver, and forced him to climb down. With Barnett as a shield, the outlaw approached Davis, warning that he would shoot the hostage if the guard did not surrender. Barnett, alternately appealing to his captor and then to Davis, begged for his life. Sizing up the situation quickly, Davis recalled the "guaranteed safe" and decided to go for help rather than face the highwaymen alone. Hopefully he could ride to Beaver Station, some twenty miles away and, with the other three guards, return long before twenty-four hours had elapsed. Davis silently withdrew.

Several minutes passed before the robber realized that the guard had fled. Then, with Barnett still in custody, he returned to the stage and called to his comrades in the barn. They soon discovered that Smith, lying motionless in the stage, was not dead but paralyzed with fright. They ordered him out, disarmed him, and smashed his unfired pistol against the edge of the barn.

The leader of the bandits ordered Smith back into the coach, speeding him along with a swift kick, and sent Barnett back up to the driver's seat. Zimmerman and Miner, the guard and stock tender who had been surprised by the crooks, were released from the barn and forced into the vehicle along with Smith. The stage was then driven a quarter of a mile to a grove of trees where the prisoners were bound and gagged.

The gang quickly set to work on the "burglar-proof safe." They had dynamite, fuses, ignition caps, sledge hammers, and chisels, all of which were soon used. Within three hours, according to Zimmerman, the bandits had opened it and were loading the loot onto pack horses. They had ridden away some distance when Davis and the three other guards arrived.

Davis, having escaped from the robbers, had made his way to a nearby corral and taken one of the bandits' pack horses. He rode pell mell toward Beaver Station to secure help from Boone May, Jesse Brown, and Billy Sample, but the trio, tired of waiting for the treasure coach, had left Beaver Station and were riding toward Cold Springs, expecting to meet the stage along the way. Instead, about eight miles from Cold Springs, they encountered Davis, who excitedly told them of the holdup. The four guards then pushed their horses toward Cold Springs at a fast clip. They overtook the bandits at a pine grove only a few miles from the station.

Although in the ensuing skirmish one of the bandits was wounded, they were able to escape with all but one of the loot-packed horses which, left behind, fell into Davis's hands. It was an unexpected stroke of luck. The chief guard decided to return to Cold Springs with the recovered gold and wait for a posse rather than risk another battle with the crooks.

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Meanwhile, Barnett had been able to free himself, and he quickly untied the others. The three climbed back aboard the stage and returned to the station. Campbell lay dead in the road, and Hill, dying, gasped for breath and begged for water. He, along with Campbell, was carried to the stock tender's house. Miner then set out on foot toward Deadwood for help, for none of the men at Cold Springs then knew what had happened to Davis. Miner borrowed a horse at the next stage station and reached Deadwood the following morning.

In Deadwood, the company agent organized a posse of six or eight men who set out for Cold Springs. They did not arrive until dusk that evening and were unable to proceed after the robbers until the next morning.

Early on the morning of October 1, the posse departed on the trail of the outlaws. At Pactola, to the northeast of the site of the robbery, it was learned that the bandits had purchased a wagon and team from a rancher. There the wounded man and the balance of gold were transferred to the vehicle. Thereafter the trail, which led in the general direction of Pierre, was well marked and easy to follow.

Although the bandits desperately needed the services of a man of medicine, they circled to avoid Rapid City. When the posse arrived there, they recruited an additional four or five men. Then, about twenty miles east of Rapid City, the trail inexplicably disappeared.

The complete identity of the gang was never learned for sure. Of the five, four completely vanished. The one who was wounded by Davis at Cold Spring and then fled was never seen again. The second wounded man was thought to have been Charlie McBride, a notorious Deadwood thug. According to Davis, McBride would not have survived his wounds. Another hoodlum thought to have participated in the robbery was "Big Nosed George" Manuse. He was caught stealing horses some time later and was lynched. Another, Tom Goodall, was traced to his parents' home at Atlantic City, Iowa, where he was arrested and where about one-fourth of the booty was recovered. While being returned to the Dakota Territory to stand trial for the holdup, Goodall escaped from a moving train and was never seen again. The leader of the gang was thought to have been a "Jake" or "Jack" Carey. Whoever he was, he made good his escape.

The Cheyenne and Black Hills Stage Line never forgot the lesson of the Cold Springs robbery. Thereafter, treasure coach guards were kept on duty day and night. And what of the "burglar-proof safe?" Well, the company decided that a metal strongbox was just as secure—and a lot cheaper. ●

CATALINA

(Continued from page 21)

near a cove called "Bay of the Seven Moons" and brought 300 sheep over from the mainland. Soon, though, Packard and his family tired of the lonely life and wanted to send their eldest children to school on the mainland. But putting them in friends' homes to board and room on the mainland would prove inconvenient.

Along came a speculator from San Francisco looking for land investments in booming Southern California. His name was Jim Ray. A friend in Los Angeles advised him to buy the Catalina land.

"That island out there's gonna be worth a trunk full o' money some day, Jimmy," his friend said. "You just wait and see. If I was you, I'd grab it right now."

A deal was made. Al Packard would turn over the entire island to Ray, along with his house and furniture and several hundred sheep, for $12,500. Jim Ray thought the price was too high, but after recalling his friend's advice—and being a gambler at heart—paid the money to Packard. Packard and his family hastily moved off. The year was 1864.

Then within four months, Ray sold off three portions of the island to investors Eugene Sullivan, Charles Hitchcock and Walt Hauxhurst. Total sale for the three deeds: $23,000 in cash.

Ray's good friend, Jim Lick, also from San Francisco, came down to look at the island. "I'd sure like a chunk of that land," he said to Ray. "How about selling me half of your interest?"

Jim Ray had set foot on the island only a couple of times, and had already realized a neat profit from his investment. As a gesture of friendship he deeded one-half of his fourth ownership of the island to Lick for $4,000.

Seven years later, in 1871, Lick bought out all the owners of Catalina, including Ray, with money he'd made in a real estate transaction in San Francisco. Included in the deal were all their sheep on the island, plus combined herds of 900 cattle.

But by the time Lick had acquired total ownership of the island, various stock raisers and ranchers had moved in and claimed squatters' rights, believing Catalina to be Government property. Among these squatters was William Howland who'd moved 3,000 sheep onto the island and had built a comfortable house near a cove on the western end.

Other settlers who claimed squatters' rights were Ben Weston, who'd proceeded to build himself a stone house at Little Harbor. Also building small houses and bringing over sheep to stock their "farms" were Francisco Guerrero, Spencer Wilson, Juan Cota, Swain Lawson, the bachelor twins John and Charlie Johnson, and one stubborn German immigrant named Johan Behn.

Jim Lick spent three years in the courts evicting these squatters. The last holdout, who spent every last dollar he owned for lawyers, was the German, Behn. This man with his Spanish wife, Maria, even hired Mexicans and armed them with guns and knives to fend off anyone who came to the farm to evict him.

Behn's friend Howland, who'd been a neighbor on the island, had already left and gone into business in Los Angeles. He tried to come to Behn's rescue by offering Lick $50,000 for the island, plus a large portion of a ranch near Merced, California. Lick refused the offer.

Finally, in total defeat and convinced that Lick would eventually drive him off, Behn packed up his belongings and left. A brother-in-law, Thomas Whitley, who'd lived with Behn several years, accompanied him and Maria back to Los Angeles. After ten years, Jim Lick was at last sole proprietor of this 48,500-acre island.

It was practically a country unto itself.

Union barracks were constructed on Catalina during the Civil War. In the middle of the mining boom of 1863-64, Two Harbors and its adjoining coves were the scenes of feverish mining activities. The U.S. Government suspected Confederate spies of operating from the island against coastwise shipping under the guise of mining. A military force under command of Captain B. West was placed at Two Harbors and the barracks built there were fortified with 12-pound cannon.

Then the mining boom collapsed. Miners were shipped to the mainland and the troops were withdrawn. The sturdy barracks are still standing today.

Catalina's only town, Avalon, was built on a barren flat facing the "Bay of The Seven Moons" on the ancient site of the blond Indians' "kitchen middens," their refuse grounds. When the town's first hotel was built, hundreds of Chumash artifacts were unearthed from the blackened fish oil soaked ground.

However, the real building of Avalon took place after Jim Lick had disappeared from the scene. With his health failing, Lick set up a trust and became inactive in the island's interests. Thirteen years later, in 1887, his trustees sold the island for $200,000 to an investor and promoter named George Shatto, who gave a down payment of $65,000.

It was Shatto who subdivided the town site for Avalon, selling off lots and building the hotel a few months later. But Shatto, who spent wildly on developing the town and additionally subdividing acreage west of the city of Los Angeles, couldn't keep up the mortgage payments. Lick's trustees regained the whole island in a sheriff's sale; and in 1892 sold it to the Banning brothers, sons of famous General Phineas Banning, the Southwest's stagecoach king.

In its relatively short history, Catalina had changed hands six times from 1846 when old Pico Pico granted the island to Thomas Robbins, to 1892 when the Banning boys took it over.

The 7-mile wide island is still in private hands, being purchased from the Banning interests 45 years ago. Today, one can go hiking and explore the island to find evidence of the Old West everywhere. A visitor can take a scenic drive to the summit of Mt. Black-Jack, or go hiking up to the top peak of Mt. Orizaba. One can travel over the old dirt roads where the creaking wheels of the island's stage once rolled. In Avalon an ice cream store stands on the spot where a saloon in the 1860's did a thriving business, especially when Union troops were stationed there.

The old hotel that Shatto built burned down long ago. Most of the farmhouses have collapsed from age or have been torn down. A few sheep, probably descendants of the squatters' flocks, still graze in the little hidden valleys behind Avalon. Some deserted gold mines can still be found in the area near Devil's Elbow. A few old windmills are standing.

Catalina Island was as much a part of the Old West as any other part of the country which witnessed the hardy pioneers' movement westward to the Pacific. Records and the remaining evidence on the island are mute testimony to the fact. It can be said that here, on historical, robust Catalina, was the last boundary of the Western Frontier—where men who won the West reached their final destination. ●

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GIBSON
FORT OF THE SOUTHWEST

(Continued from page 9)

Irving went along on the 1832 expedition and recorded what he saw.

On June 12th, 1834 General Leavenworth set out with a great expedition to find Indian tribes to the south and west and persuade them to come in to a council. There were 500 mounted troops, a large number of supply wagons, 70 beeves for fresh meat along the way. Indians from several tribes acted as hunters, guides, interpreters and as representatives of their tribes to speak with the Indians they hoped to find. They headed out toward the prairies.

General Leavenworth took men with him on this Dragoon Expedition who later became well known: Colonel Henry Dodge, Colonel Stephen Watts Kearney, Jefferson Davis and others. One man who went along for the ride brought back a painted record. He was George Catlin.

This famous expedition was made during the summer in a land where heat and drought often go hand in hand. 1834 was an extremely dry year. The heat of summer began even before the expedition set out. With every passing day the dry heat increased until the days were like a furnace. Lack of rainfall shrank the creeks to a slimy green trickle. Even the water of the rivers ran low and the troopers became sick from drinking the bad water.

As temperatures soared above 100° and hung there men began to sicken and die. Green, undisciplined, these men did not have the training and stamina of veteran troopers to bring them through. Before the disastrous journey was over almost 150 men out of the original 500 lay buried upon the prairie. General Leavenworth himself, was one of the casualties. He died July 21st near the Washita River.

Although this expedition party paid a terrible toll its mission was successful. Representatives of the Kiowa, Wichita and Waco tribes returned with the troops to talk with the leaders of the Choctaw, Cherokee, Creek, Seneca, Osage and Delaware tribes near Fort Gibson.

When the expedition returned, word went out for these tribesmen to come in for a council. Within a few days groups of Indians began to arrive. They brought their families, ponies and other possessions. Their encampment grew and tents and teepees spread far up and down the river. It was a colorful, noisy and picturesque gathering.

When the council met on September 2nd, 1834, 150 Indians took part. It was the most important Indian council ever to take place in this country up to that time.

With the aid of Colonel Chouteau the meeting was a success. Although no one present had the authority to make a treaty, the Indians were persuaded to agree to meet the following year in a treaty council. This council took place as planned on August 24th, 1835, at Fort Mason on the Canadian River near the present town of Purcell, Oklahoma. There was signed the first treaty ever entered into by some of these tribes.

IN THE years that followed many more military expeditions went out from Fort Gibson to negotiate treaties with the warring tribes to the west. Treaties were made and broken but each meeting inched toward the time when the many tribesmen would live together with each other and with the whites in peace. These peace meetings different and colorful caught the imagination of the people in eastern cities. As a result the Fort Gibson dateline became a familiar one in the settled areas' newspapers.

Fort Gibson took on other duties besides policing the frontier. Military escorts were provided to exploring parties and surveyors. Freighters on the much harrassed Santa Fe Trail were provided safe passage over many miles of dangerous countryside. Whisky peddlers were searched out and driven from the territory. Children kidnapped from their homes in Texas were rescued from Kiowa and Comanche raiders and returned to their relatives.

During the 33 years that Fort Gibson saw active service she saw river transportation change from keelboat to steamboat and then watched the railroads almost put the boats out of business after the Civil War.

Even the troopers who staffed the fort changed over the years. Originally built and occupied by the infantry the old fort then saw the heyday of the famous Dragoons and then the Cavalry. All served with distinction.

Fort Gibson served as a base to establish other forts and military camps throughout Indian Territory. In 1834 Camp Arbuckle was established at the mouth of the Cimarron River and Fort Holmes at the mouth of Little River. General Zachary Taylor approved the site for Fort Washita near the Red River.

At these locations buildings were erected by men from Fort Gibson. Roads were built, too. Fort Gibson soldiers repaired their old log fort almost all the time. The logs rotted away so fast that some of the men complained that a good 90% of their time was spent not at warfare or the usual business of a military man but at building and repairing forts.

There was much complaining. The boredom of life off in the wilds led to much excess drinking and desertions.

There were few diversions other than hunting and fishing.

But young ladies came out from the East to visit relatives and many of them married the young West Point officers they met there. The attractive Cherokee maidens were always welcome guests at military dances and entertainments. Old Fort Gibson even had a mystery romance.

Vivia Thomas, a Boston girl of good family, came to Fort Gibson to marry the man she was engaged to. When she arrived she found that he was in love with a Cherokee maiden. Embittered by the turn of events Vivia cut her hair, dressed as a man and enlisted in the army. A short time later the man she came west to marry was found mysteriously murdered. His killer was never found.

For many years Vivia served as a frontier soldier and it was only as she lay dying that her disguise became known. It is said that she then confessed to the chaplain that she had killed her faithless lover. In the Fort Gibson Cemetery, on Officers' Walk, the white headstone of this Boston girl stands alongside that of the wives and daughters of the military men

Oklahoma Historical Society

Chief John Ross, leader of Cherokee Nation during forced removal from their old homes.

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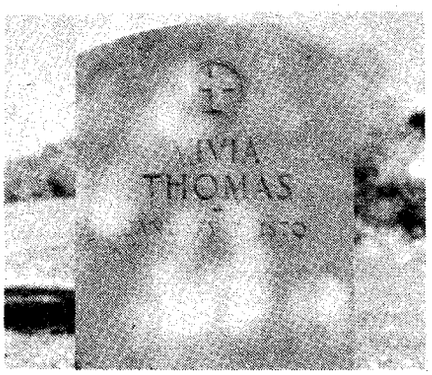
who once manned the fort. On hers the simple legend reads "Vivia Thomas—1870".

As the years went by the frontier moved west. The Cherokee people began to ask that the fort and lands be returned to them.



Vivia Thomas' headstone in Fort Gibson cemetery carries name and date of death.

As it happened Fort Gibson was not quite ready to be laid to rest. During the Civil War the Confederates moved in only to be driven out by the Union forces. The United States made the fort their headquarters for Indian Territory for the duration of the war. Several times after the war, troops moved in for a time.

When the Civil War ended the railroads built west. When the Missouri, Kansas and Texas line went through the Indian Territory a lawless element of white men came with the railroad camps. Since the courts of the Indian nations did not have jurisdiction over United States citizens this created a bad situation. Colonel Benjamin Grierson brought in two companies of the Tenth Cavalry to police the area until the camps moved on and took the riffraff with them.

Their Principal Chief John Ross spoke for them.

"Now that the frontier is to the west and newer, closer forts have taken over the duties once done by Fort Gibson it is time for the reservation to come back to the Cherokee Nation," Chief Ross said. "We have peace in our part of the Territory and we need the boat landing since it is the only good access into our land."

The land upon which the fort was built had not been ceded to the United States by the Cherokee Nation. When the government checked into this it was decided to do as the Cherokee asked. On June 8th, 1857, the order was given to abandon Fort Gibson. Within a month this was accomplished.

The Cherokee laid out a town in the old fort grounds and named it Kee-too-wah.

Later the fort was occupied again when white settlers began to move in and take over Indian land. In 1879 when a strong gang of thieves and outlaws made the Indian Territory a hide-out once more the cavalry came back to stay at Fort Gibson until they cleaned the badmen out. In 1883 troops came back to bring order when the Creek Nation went through their own Civil War.

Such was the long and colorful history of Fort Gibson. Established to protect one tribe of Indians from another, its duties expanded to cover most of the problems of a frontier area. Today an exact replica of the original fort stands upon the ground where the original was built. Upon the hill a few blocks away stands the old vine covered stone commissary and the restored barracks of an age now past. ●

CATTLE TO RAILROAD

(Continued from page 31)

The tourists quit eating Navajo bread then and there.

That night I hired a wandering rider to take a note to my father at the post reporting the seized cattle. We then spent two waterless days crossing deep sand on Rabbit Mesa. The yellow stuff had enough sharp quartz in it to wear down split hooves quickly. Arriving at the next water, Sagnitso Spring, the herd had many sore footed cattle. Five big bulls lay down and refused to get up again.

Holding over on grass the following day I had a fat calf butchered, jerking most of the meat for trail use. Out of the green hide, we made moccasins (pouches) for the bulls' sore feet. The sandhills around Tuba City were equally as bad, so dried beef hides were bought from local Indians, dampened and made into more of the same.

Instead of getting all our lamed cattle through, however, three bulls and seven weak old cows had to be abandoned. Clearing the south hills at the Tuba City agency we drove west around the village into a desolate country of bare red rocks. No grass or water existed in this curious badlands. When the leaders pointed into the Melgosa Desert, northwest perimeter of the Painted Desert, the weakest drags stretched out behind nearly two miles.

Natural catch basins in lower Moencopi Wash, where we expected to water, were found dusty dry. This had never happened before. The immediate situation assumed a most somber aspect. Unless watered within twelve hours the weakest animals would fall by the trailside. That night the herd prowled restlessly, bawling around. There are few sounds that shake a cowboy more than this peculiar bovine expression of helpless suffering.

Our riding stock was weak and gaunted and we shifted to fresh mounts three and four times daily. There would be no water in the Little Colorado River, and only enough for emergency use at Cameron still fourteen miles distant.

Late afternoon found the herd strung out in bunches of fifty to a hundred all the way back and over the rim of the red rocks. The leaders pushed against U.S. Highway 89. In those days it was a mere thread of dust twisting off among mauve colored clay hills.

Telling Davis to cross each bunch as other riders managed to shove them within reach, I took Begay with me down the Wash. All the way we found nothing but riffled sand and loose gravel. Moencopi Wash pitched over a five hundred foot solid stone rim to the river below. Even had there been water in the boxed canyon it couldn't be reached at this point.

Reining around we started riding back up the Wash. Reaching a wide expanse Begay held up, staring. The sand and gravel lay between masses of dark red sandstone. Dismounting, he walked to the right wall, which was higher than his head, and dropped to his knees. Using his hands as scoops he began digging. Water was often found running under sand beds of the Little Colorado River, but I had never heard of it in Moencopi Wash. If the sandstone walls went deep enough there just might be a reef behind which water collected. In our desperate situation, while considering this forlorn possibility, Begay began yelling excitedly.

"Toh! Toh! Clizahcothly 'ishtay!" (Water! Water! Bring a shovel!)

Jumping off my horse I ran over in hopeful disbelief. But muddy water was actually rising in his gophered hole. Mounting, I galloped north to the wagon which had crossed the highway, and brought back two long handled shovels. Begay and I dug frantically, and two feet down struck a good pool of brackish water.

When Littleman arrived with the remuda we finished a twenty foot long trench. While the horses watered he grabbed my shovel to make more sand and gravel fly. The first part of the herd had a narrow forty foot long trench to drink from. Drifting out after filling, the cattle ascended a low bench of Shadow Mountain in search of whatever dried vegetation existed.

Other bunches arrived. The sand they pushed in while watering had to be shovelled out each time. The drags didn't reach it until ten o'clock that night, under bright moonlight. Meanwhile Bean Belly had made camp, and for once he kept coffee, hot biscuits and beefsteak ready for worn-out cowboys to eat.

From the road my father saw our blazing fire and drove his pickup truck across the rocky terrain into camp. The seizure of the fat cows amused him, for some strange reason. Inasmuch as they had cost $35 each I couldn't understand why until he explained.

Going to the Indian agent that day he had stated his intentions of putting in a damage claim for them as illegally seized.

The agent replied, "I know that I told you traders to buy every head possible in order to save eroded ranges, but that stockman refused to go along in your case."

"Where in hell did you find him?" father asked. "Under a rock some place? That screwball doesn't know a barren cow when he sees one!"

His statement floored the agent. If true, the government *was* liable. Taking a veterinarian with him he drove posthaste to Redlake. The vet gave the cows one look, and cried at the stockman, "Why, you stupid — — —! Are you sure your bone head is still fastened on your neck?"

Father said to me on leaving the next morning, "If they drive them to the herd don't take them back. They'll have been run all the way and overheated. The tallow is sure to be melted in their bellies."

(Continued on page 46)

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CATTLE TO RAILROAD

(Continued from page 45)

A two-day holdover there gave the weak cattle a badly needed rest. During this delay the agent appeared from Tuba City, asking that the seized cows be thrown into the trail herd. This I refused, as instructed. However, later on father did take them back. The agent was a pretty good joe, and forgetting the injustice saved him from an official investigation.

On resuming the drive Soney Bidoney, experienced in the desert, and Cowboy were sent on ahead hunting water. That night we camped across the river from Cameron, where my uncle owned the trading post. Arrangements were made to water the remuda and fill the wagon barrels.

"You won't find water this side of Leupp," he warned. "Indians moved completely out of the river valley months ago because there is none. You'd better cross the river and water at Coconino Point or Poverty Tank."

The first was 27 miles towards the Grand Canyon National Park. The second, twenty miles south and in malpaid country, sure death on the feet of cattle. Either detour meant doubling the distances and on return to the trail the herd would be no better off.

Fifty-five miles up-river there should be water at Fox Springs. When told this uncle shrugged his shoulders with, "Navajo Indian cattle are so poor and weak this year, do you think your herd can possibly make it that far?"

Bidoney and Cowboy were not back when the drive continued. Their absence meant bad news. They wouldn't be goofing off visiting, for no Indians remained anywhere in that part of the Painted Desert.

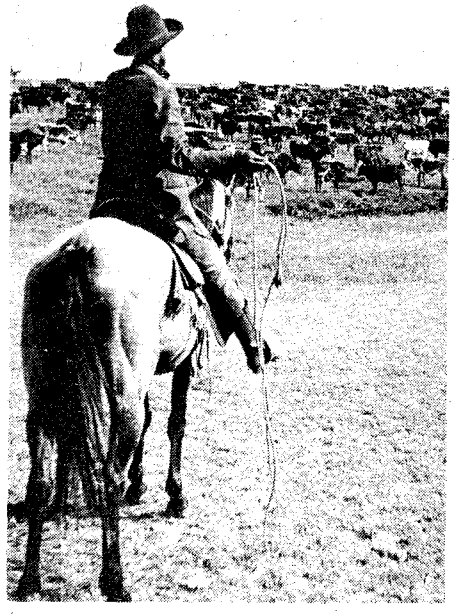
As usual in that sered land the wind blew strong along the river course. Several devil-devil winds and yellowish clouds gloomily disfigured the skies. By mid-afternoon they merged into a dome-covering curtain. The wind, increasing in force, hurled a sandstorm into desert wastes. A great mass of blinding, nose-clogging particles struck us head-on. Nothing on four feet could be prodded into this hellish terror. It became impossible to hold the herd together when ground visibility reached zero.

Very bitter, I could only order the herd out of it while the chance remained. We swung north into a barren valley abutting the base of Hopi Mesa. Before proceeding any distance the swirling sand struck there, blocking our one avenue of escape. Turning rumps against its force as cattle will do in a blizzard, these critters, instead of drifting, did a peculiar thing. Accustomed to sandstorms on their native range, they simply lay down, resting their heads away from the wind; they closed their eyes and never stirred again until the storm blew itself out some time near dawn.

Daylight disclosed that all had sand piled around their weather sides, some to the backbone. The day came in over a low overcast, and soon we felt the welcome, slow drizzle of chilling rain. While insufficient to collect in pools, it did dampen the ground, providing relief from former dry heat.

Cowboy returned to the herd that afternoon bearing a verbal message from Soney Bidoney for the remuda to be brought on. He had located a place in the river bed where water flowed beneath sand bars.

Shifting all riders to change-off mounts I went back with Cowboy, taking the horse herd. On reaching Soney Bidoney we ran the bunch close-packed back and forth over an expanse of sand so dry it appeared never to have been damp. In a few minutes water began seeping to the surface. At once the horses paused and pawed out



Not all cattle roundups proved to be as difficult as did the author's attempt to get a herd to Winslow.

holes to drink from. Afterwards they wanted to graze and we experienced trouble holding them in one spot.

On approaching and smelling water, the herd knotted tails and came on in a bawling run. Handling them proved impossible. But once the parched critters ceased gouging and fighting for life-giving liquid they wandered out to dried straggly weed patches. As the last large bunch cleared, fifty head remained bogged down to briskets. Split hooves punched sand mixed with particles of clay into a loblolly. Working as hard as we could we shovelled them out, but four or five simply disappeared. They sank below the surface, horns and all, to rest on some deep and unreachable bottom.

The outfit moved on a couple of miles before going into camp. The following morning on returning to the flattened sand bars I found no water above the already crusted-over surface.

At Fox Springs it was necessary to hold the herd well away, and water them in small bunches. From there on we faced another dry stretch of barren desert on the sixty mile trek to Leupp.

All during this period Bean Belly goofed off. He always drove the wagon too far ahead, sometimes forcing a ride of a mile or more to camp and back for the night guards. Every time he halted, frequently before noon, he hobbled the mules, crawled into the wagon and went to sleep. Seldom did he start cooking our second and last meal of the day before good dark. Small things, perhaps, but too many of these build to a crisis. Also, riders like to sleep near the chuck wagon carry-all, where night guards can get coffee off the firebed. Our morning and night meals were fourteen hours apart. Davis had already remonstrated with him. By this time even the good-natured Navajo cowboys were griping.

The first camp from Fox Springs Bean Belly located two miles from where dusk forced us to bed down the herd. Going in alone I discovered he had only just then started a cooking fire.

"Never mind," I said, stepping out of the saddle. "Unhobble your mules and hook them in. Move back to the herd."

"If them gut eaters gonna use their bedrolls and wanna eat, they can come here!" he retorted. "I ain't gonna move to suit nobody!"

Sudden rage hit me after a trying hard day's work. When I smashed him in the face he hit the hard ground. He came up with a rock in each hand. Again he landed on the ground, felled by a right fist. Springing up once more he roared in, his head down. Evading the wild rush, I planted a boot heel in his fat bottom as he went by. The powerful thrust drove him into a rear wagon wheel, his head sliding between two spokes where he hung.

Pulling Bean Belly free I knocked him down again to be certain he got the point. This time he sat up groggily on his haunches, blinking both eyes.

"You be in sight of the herd with the wagon in thirty minutes or I've got another sample to show you!"

Continuing to sit speechless he glowered at me. Pouring grounds into the big coffee pot I filled it with water to take back. At least the boys would have coffee soon.

Back to one side of the herd I kindled a fire of sagebrush and started brewing Java. The off riders came in, waiting for horse oats. Before long the wagon could be heard approaching at a gallop, side water barrels bouncing in the starlight. Bean Belly's cut and bruise-marked face told the crew just about what happened.

He refused to speak to anyone that night. The next morning, still wordless, he surlily accepted my instructions. They were to remain no more distant from the point all day than a half to one mile.

Now, there was no water short of Leupp. Which was why, when above Grand Falls, we crossed the herd over the wide, sand dune filled river bed to Roden Spring.

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This move put us off the reservation barely inside a national forest boundary. The herd finished watering, straggling back to the north side of the river, when four forest rangers arrived in two pickups. Shaking in considerable, and uncalled-for wrath, the one in charge of the district approached close as I dismounted near them.

"You have no permit to trespass on forest land!" he charged in a shout. "I'm taking you in and fining you for every head brought over the line. How many you got in that bunch of Indian scrubs?"

While trying to explain to him that our only humane course had been to water these thirsty cattle, Begay, Cowboy and Jones came away from shoving drags along. They wanted to know what the white men were up to.

Refusing to be at all reasonable the district ranger yelled. "Get into my pickup. I'm hauling you to jail in Flagstaff!"

Trail sore and very weary of constant trouble, my patience did another flip-flop. The tall ranger got slugged with a Texas leaguer. When the others scrambled from pickups to start for me, the cowboys emptied their saddles. For a few tense breathing spaces a real brawl brewed. But the rangers wisely crawled, after considering those dusky faces.

From there on I expected a deputy sheriff to be waiting for me anywhere on the reservation line. They couldn't arrest me inside it without prior permission. Yet nothing whatever happened over the incident.

For the next several days it appeared like our series of difficulties were over at last. Then at Sunrise where we planned on crossing the river into better range, the herd was stopped briefly. That district stockman and the Navajo Indian Chief of Police at Leupp barred exit onto the Oraibi road to the ford.

This stockman I had known for a number of years. He stood with the police cheif beside their pickup. As I dismounted and approached he scowled angrily, refusing to shake hands.

"You're in the jurisdiction of Leupp Agency," he informed me crustily. "Not having a crossing permit—and you'll not get one—turn that herd back to where it came from."

"These cattle are too weak and sore-footed to go in any direction except the shipping pens at Winslow," I told him. "Besides that, no crossing permit for big livestock has ever been required before."

"One sure-as-hell is this time. Also, them cattle ain't been dipped. That's necessary to get them off the reservation."

"It isn't required in this case and you know it. There are no ticks or scabies in the Navajo Mountain country. All clean up there."

The police chief shouted peremptory orders at our men moving past. Not one paid their own tribal official the least sign of having heard. Losing his head, the chief drew his holstered gun. Before he could shoot anybody I decked him. The short, fat stockman stood frozen speechless while I threw the chief's gun far out into the sagebrush.

Finally he threatened wildly. "I'll have you in the agency jail inside the hour!"

"I'm going to the carry-all and buckle on my gun," I told him. "Unless its a U.S. marshal with a warrant trying to arrest me ..." Leaving that obvious meaning hanging in the air I walked over to my horse.

It took the stockman so long to revive the police chief that we had the herd moved well upriver. Having driven the wagon over meanwhile, Bean Belly had to bring it back. Rather than risk more government trouble I decided to continue trailing on the north side.

Luckily we found water in the dug-out springs at Benton Mesa. The following morning we crossed the river into white cowmen's range. Instead of giving us a bad time they helped with the swing and drags. No officer of any kind showed up to take me into custody.

After getting into Tucker Flats, eleven miles from Winslow, a hard rain fell all night long. Thinking we were surely free of obstacles now, I congratulated myself too soon. When we began drifting from soupy clay flats early in the morning Cowboy's horse slipped and rolled on him.

When his horse fore-legged up he lay senseless on his back. Believing Cowboy dead the other Navajos refused to approach. Examination revealed that he still breathed, having sustained a broken left leg and two ribs. Davis helped me secure a piece of wood on the leg to prevent aggravated damage. Bean Belly lounged on the wagon spring seat, watching.

Informed that Cowboy wasn't likely to die the Navajo cowboys came in. They got a wagon end-gate to move him in under sheeted bows on a pallet of bedrolls.

"Hey, what they putting him inside for?" Bean Belly demanded, abruptly suspicious.

"Because you're taking him straight to the railroad hospital in Winslow."

"He'll be dead before I get there. I don't like no dead Indian ..."

The end-gate holding rods had been replaced.

"Move out," I ordered him.

Remembering what had happened when we clashed before, he drove away. Before sundown we penned up in the shipping yards. Father met us there, to expedite delivery of the cattle to the contracting buyer.

That we got there at all with sore-footed, weak cattle through such terrible terrain, miserable thirst and bad weather seemed a miracle. Cowboy recovered and went to work for us again. Bean Belly refused to drive the wagon back to the Inscription House trading post. He was paid off and Littleman, Soney Bidoney and Jones took it and the remuda home. The rest of us returned in father's pickup. ●

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LONE STAND OF BILLY RHODES

(Continued from page 12)

But first Billy figured he had to make all the Indians follow him, rather then his Mexican helper. So he began taunting them with obscene gestures and epithets.

Now, several of the Apaches knew William Rhodes as Don Guillermo, the Spanish translation of his first name, but as a whole they were bewildered with such behavior coming from one who was about to meet death. They fully expected to overtake the two riders and finish them off in a bloody orgy as was their custom, but here was one who was as much as telling them to go fly a kite, and in no uncertain terms. He was either crazy or very brave.

But Billy knew these Indians. He knew they would take his actions as a slur on their courage, and it worked. They soon stopped wondering and became just plain enraged. They whipped their horses to greater effort and each took Billy's gestures as a personal challenge. All the while Billy was multiplying the insults, until he reached a point in the road close to the sanctuary of the off-road thicket. Billy then deftly veered his fast-moving animal off the road, the horse's hoofs kicking up desert dirt as he struck off as though across country toward the spires of the Santa Rita Mountains in the distance.

The whole band of pursuing Indians, figuring they had Billy, cut loose with a howl of victory, and trailed out after him.

Felix understood what Billy had done, and waved a gallant farewell as he galloped down the highway.

"Adios mi Compadre," he yelled, and over his breast he solemnly made the sign of the cross, thinking that Mr. Rhodes would surely be killed.

A lot of other people as it turned out, thought he had surely been killed, too. But Mr. Rhodes was far from being dead yet. Winding through the tall saguaro and mesquite, he rode fast and skillfully over the desert floor. The Apache rabble, riding hard, were a hundred yards behind.

Billy led them on over the rocky floor till he came to the thicket. As the galloping horse passed around its edge, he threw himself into its center, while the animal continued on through the desert. It was ideally suited for the purpose of defense.

Billy quickly dug in, drew his two pistols, and was ready when the first screaming Indian stuck his head in the entrance. A gun exploded right in the Apache's face, and with blood streaming from a hole between the eyes, the impact flung him out among the attackers. They hesitated for a split second. Billy in the center of the charco, with hammers cocked, lay on his stomach waiting. Another Indian stuck his head in and a bullet sent him sprawling on top of the first.

"Don Guillermo!" one of them shouted. "You are a dead man."

Billy raised his pistol, took deliberate aim, and fired. The Indian dropped dead; he had hardly had time to finish the last word.

"And so are you, amigo," was his answer.

The attackers now began raining arrows into the dense bushes that protected Billy. Bullets were whizzing over his sprawled frame. Broken branches were falling all around him. It was evident that he could see out but they could not see in. All the while Billy Rhodes was saving his shots. An Apache, thinking that perhaps he was already dead, left his protected position and approached the entrance to the thicket. A bullet quickly dispatched him into oblivion, and he went stumbling on top of his brothers.

The enraged redmen continued showering arrows into the natural barrier. One feathered missile found its mark just above the elbow of Billy's left arm. The frontiersman never flinched nor uttered a sound. With quick but sure aim he shot the assailant in the chest, sending him off to join his already dead friends.

After a lot of howling and fierce shrieking, and a useless waste of arrows, the savages realized they were getting nowhere. So they decided it was time for another conference, and once more they retired to the river for council.

Billy, lying prone in the center of that battered thicket, in the middle of the charco, could hear them whooping it up after they reached the river's edge. He lay there flat on his belly wondering what deviltry they might be cooking up. But Billy was not the sort of man to dwell on what he could not help, so he focused his attention on his wound which was bleeding profusely.

The arrow had passed clean through the muscle, and he figured he had better do something fast to stop the flow of blood; his senses were already beginning to reel. So without forethought he broke the shaft and rapidly yanked it out, then buried the arm in the sand to stop the gush of blood that immediately followed. It seemed to do the trick, and it had a cool, soothing effect on the senses.

Billy Rhodes didn't know it then but he was engaged in a fight that was to become a classic in Arizona History. With one arm buried in the sand, he reloaded his guns the best way he could. Now Billy wasn't figuring on coming out of this scrap a big hero. He was only figuring on killing as many Indians as possible before they got him. So with pistols loaded he waited; eyes glued toward the river. Up to now the odds were pretty good, five Indians dead, and he sure figured on getting more before it was over.

The fighting Arizona pioneer didn't have long to wait before the Apaches began sneaking back. They silently surrounded the battered barrier. An ominous quiet reigned.

"Don Guillermo!" shouted an Indian from behind a rock. "Come out and join us! You're a brave man, we'll make you a big chief."

"Oh yes!" answered Rhodes. "I know what you'll make out of me." And he sent a few choice epithets in their direction. To punctuate his answers, Billy sent a bullet whistling over the Apache's head. His only regret was that the savage was out of sight, otherwise he also would have left for the happy hunting grounds.

The arrogance of the quarry doubly enraged the attackers. They crept closer to the thicket and fired volley after volley of balls and arrows. The battle waxed hot for quite some time. But Billy retained his poise and good judgement through it all, and with sure aim, brought down a redskin almost every time he pulled the trigger.

Billy killed seven more Indians in this, their latest assault. Yet they continued to press closer, and still closer. The young frontiersman thought any moment would be his last. One big Apache was creeping toward the entrance behind a large stone, rolling the rock before him as he crept along. Rhodes, keeping one eye on the attackers and the other on the rolling stone, with pistols set and ready, waited fearlessly.

The big, rock-rolling Indian was getting nearer to the thicket entrance. The other Apaches held their fire and watched the results. A pall of silence fell on the nerve-wracking scene. After an agonizing spell of deathly quiet, the Indian at last reached the entrance to the passageway, and hoping to get Billy off guard by swift action, he instantaneously raised himself with rifle ready, and fired. The old gun happened to be an ancient breech loader, and it exploded and comically blackened the Apache's face. Billy laughed as he pulled the trigger of one of the cocked pistols. The ball hit the big Indian on the forehead and scattered his brains all over the landscape.

This completely demoralized the Apaches; they decided it was time for another powwow. So again they gathered down by the river, and the atmosphere was grave. Thirteen good men had been lost, and many bullets were being wasted. They concluded that the objective was not worth what it was costing them; it was resolved that the quarry would be spared due to the high cost in Indian lives.

In the meantime the object of the Indians' deliberations was settling down for another siege, surprised as anything that he was still alive. He dug himself deeper into the soft sand, and reloaded his deadly pistols. The sun was dropping low over the horizon; the battle was now three hours old. The blood had caked to a hard crust around the wound in his left arm. He felt no pain, just a dull ache which seemed to inhabit his whole body. Billy lay in the

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middle of the charco, with the dense growth surrounding him; a grisly pile of Apaches, stacked four high, lay at the entrance. Although he sensed a change in the atmosphere down by the river, he had no thoughts but to sell his life dearly.

The Indians meanwhile were slowly and somewhat reluctantly mounting their horses. After they were mounted they milled around near the entrance for a brief moment. Then, with a cry of "Sopori! Sopori!" they took off. It was the name of a ranch that lay some miles away. With that cry of "Sopori" on their savage lips, they urged their mounts up the bank of the Santa Cruz River, and galloped at a safe distance past the thicket.

"Goodby, brave soldier" they yelled, as they sped by.

"Goodby, thieves," answered Billy, and fired a few shots as a parting gesture.

No doubt the Indians would make another raid before nightfall, and no doubt their victims would be the people at the Sopori ranch.

After the Apaches had galloped away over the desert, Billy relaxed somewhat for the first time in hours, but stayed within the protection of the thicket until dark. Then, cradling the wounded arm with his right hand, he walked the distance to the Leventon. There, the following morning, smoking a cigar, he went out to meet Charles Poston and Raphael Pumpelly. These two, with a group of male residents of the valley, had come with shovels to bury him.

Felix had ridden all the way to Tubac and had told the citizenry there about the attack on the Canoa, and that the same Indians had pursued and killed Billy.

Charles Poston, who was in charge, figured that with a hundred redskins chasing Billy, it couldn't have been any other way. So it was decided to wait until the following morning before they risked going out to locate the body for burial.

Well, you can imagine their mixed feelings when they reached the Reventon Ranch, and a Mexican who worked there opened the gate as they approached. Then who steps out smoking a big cigar? None other than Billy Rhodes!

After the exchange of happy greetings, Billy informed them that although they had come too soon to bury him, they might have some burying to do at the Canoa.

Poston, Pumpelly, and three other men rode the four miles to investigate, while Billy, his arm in a sling, took the highway back to Tubac.

For many years after, Billy Rhodes would tell the story to anyone who would listen, and when he came to the part about Poston and his crew, he would say:

"I've never seen a sillier bunch of hombres, as I did that morning when they came to bury me." Then he would slap the the table or whatever was handy, and laugh heartily. ●

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TEXAS COWMAN

(Continued from page 19)

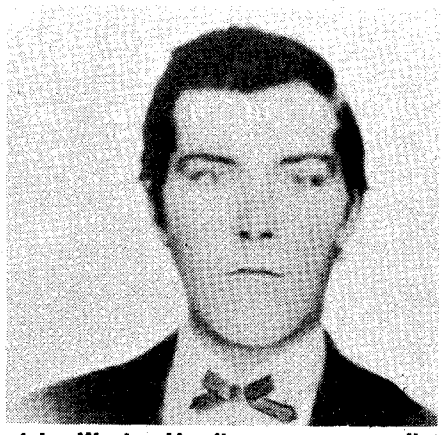
The Negro walked over, picked up Siringo's gun and placed it out of his reach. Then remarking that Siringo ought to have a gun like his, he aimed his pistol at the astonished Siringo and pulled the trigger. The bullet struck him in the knee, and a Negro cowhand who had just ridden up had the presence of mind to grab Grant. The malicious gunslinger mounted his horse and calmly remarked it was an accident, and that he would have a doctor come. However, no doctor came until one was summoned for him at Yeaman's.

Siringo felt beyond a shadow of doubt that the man had been sent to kill him, and he had a real good idea who had sent him. As near an escape from death as it could be, and in spite of the seriousness of his wound, he dismissed the whole episode in a few words in his book.

"About the middle of April," he wrote, "I met with a painful and almost fatal accident—got shot through the knee with one of those old time dragoon pistols, which carry a very large ball.

"The bullet entered the top of my knee and came out—or at least was cut out—on the opposite side. It went right through the knee-cap. The doctor who waited on me said I would be crippled for life, but he missed his guess, although I received another bullet hole through the same knee since then."

The reason Siringo did not elaborate on the shooting was because he knew his life was in danger, and the less he said about the affair the better it would be for him.



John Wesley Hardin was supposedly boiling mad at news of the deaths of the Lunn brothers, his friends.

It was about this time that something happened that was to haunt Shanghai Pierce and cause him uneasiness for many years. A number of the cattlemen got together and vowed they were going to run off or dispose of all those besides themselves who were branding mavericks, and further, often killing their cattle for the hides!

Suspicion was directed at the Lunn brothers, who had a camp on the Caranchua River near the bay of that name in Jackson County. Pierce had ridden up to their camp one day while the boys were eating dinner, and went directly over to inspect some fresh hides which they had lying around in plain sight. There he found some with his BU brand. He did not say much; he looked real hard, though, and then he just rode away.

Not long afterward the cattlemen set out to round up the Lunn brothers and anyone they caught with them. They got the boys, all right, and hustled them to a live oak nearby. There they hanged them.

One historian who had all the facts of the occurrence has stated that besides the Lunn brothers, who were known to the cattlemen, there was one stranger. They strung him up with the others. But something unexpected happened! It was something bizarre and unbelievable. The unknown man, the stranger they had hanged, survived! When they turned away after hanging the men, the cattlemen had fired a volley of shots at them and one of the bullets struck the rope by which the stranger was hanging. In his dying struggles the rope broke.

The lucky man's name was Ike Hewitt, and when he finally recovered consciousness he was still terribly bruised and exhausted—almost dead—and night was approaching.

The poor fellow began staggering toward the Caranchua Bay. His suffering was intense. There were two bullet holes in him, and his neck was causing him agonizing pain. He made it to Caranchua Bay after nightfall. The next day an oyster boat belonging to Captain Paulson of Sea Drift came along and he managed to signal it.

Captain Paulson took the wounded man on board and did all he could to relieve his suffering. He then sailed for Sea Drift so that the man who had escaped hanging could obtain medical care.

An aged doctor by the name of Madden was summoned, and James C. Hatch, grandson of Captain Sylvanus Hatch, an early settler on the coast, took care of Hewitt and helped him through his long convalescence. The man who escaped the noose finally recovered.

From then on Hewitt was afraid to trust himself on land. He became a boatsman, living at Rockport. He was generally known among other boatsmen as "Coonskin Ike." Hewitt gave the name of every man in the mob that hanged him, but after he recovered from his wounds he refused to testify under oath who had committed the crime, as he was afraid he would have to go back to testify against them.

The sheriff of Matagorda County began trying to get evidence against those he suspected of participating in the crime. He had Shanghai Pierce put under bond as a witness in a cattle theft case, just to hold him while he was endeavoring to gather sufficient evidence.

Pierce became frightened. Although the sheriff might not work up enough evidence against him, he might be legally placed in a position of having to testify against other cattlemen. He promptly sold his holdings, dividing up the proceeds with his brother Jonathan, and went to Kansas where he spent the next four years.

Even in Kansas he could not shake off his fear. In Kansas City, St. Louis and cities which he visited from time to time, he always learned, sooner or later, that John Wesley Hardin was there or had just been there. Hardin in some way was either a good friend of the Lunn brothers, or was related to them. Anyway, the news of their hanging had made him boiling mad. He sent word to Pierce that he had reason to suspect him of being in the vicinity of the hanging, and that he was going to make him extremely sorry for it. Suffice to say, Pierce, who never engaged in a fight or shot any one in his life, was mortally afraid of Hardin, and avoided him like a pestilence. It was four years later, in 1875, before he returned to his old stomping ground in Texas.

In 1875 the Pierce brothers began buying up land. They could see the handwriting on the wall; the days of the open range would soon be a thing of the past. He and his brother encircled their ranches with miles and miles of barbed wire, and all cattle not belonging to them were thrown out.

No longer did he gather in all unbranded cattle along the trail across the prairies regardless of who they belonged to, a system prevalent and recognized among a great many cattlemen in those days.

In 1880 the brothers decided to divide up their holdings. Shanghai took the north range and Johathan took the south part of the property. A railroad advanced through Shanghai's property. It was being built west to Victoria. Because Count Telferner, the builder, used mostly Italians to build the road, it was known for long years thereafter as the "Macaroni."

Pierce himself built the railroad station, not very far from the headquarters of his Rancho Grande, and the station was named "Pierce." At Wharton a branch was built to Palacios, passing through Jonathan Pierce's property, and a railroad station was erected there.

As soon as the building was completed Jonathan was so happy he had the name "THANK GOD" painted in large letters on the ends of the building. Railroad officials did not like it, and finally a compromise was reached whereby the station was called Blessing, and that is its name to this day.

As has been stated, Pierce never engaged in a physical fight or shooting scrape with anyone. His philosophy was to talk his enemy or opponent out of fighting, and his way of punishing a man was to do him in financially if he could. He had told W.B. Grimes, for instance, he would break him, and he did. Grimes finally retired to Kansas City, engaging in the dry goods busi-

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ness, after having been the biggest cattle owner in Texas before Pierce came down from Rhode Island.

When Shanghai felt he had been swindled by someone he would remark, "There another degree, the Royal Arch Degree, and I will give it to him before I die."

It might have been someone he had given that "degree" to who caught one of Shanghai's steers and branded him clear across its side. "AHP is a S.O.B."

Came the time when the old cowman realized that he was not as agile as he used to be. He was taking things easier now, avoiding much strain and activity, and it gradually dawned on him that he, like all mortal men, would soon be facing the setting sun, finally to go the way of all flesh and the last "round-up."

He wanted something imperishable left to posterity; something visible to the eyes; something to remind them of Shanghai Pierce forever. He decided he wanted a monument, and had a famous sculptor, Ed Teich of San Antonio, come and talk the matter over with him. He told Teich: "I want a statue of myself. A big one, not one you can hardly see on the mantel with naked eyes, but one I can be buried under, so people can say 'There stands old Pierce.' It must be higher than most statues, and a fair likeness of myself."

The price agreed upon was $2,250. Taking with him every available photograph of Pierce, Teich went back to his monument works across the street from the Alamo in San Antonio. Three months later the Southern Pacific railroad set out a car on the siding at El Campo. In it was Pierce's statue. It was hauled in a wagon drawn by oxen to the family cemetery at old Hawley, not far from Deming's Bridge, and a few miles east of Blessing. Shanghai was highly pleased with it. Graven on the base were the words: A.H. Pierce. Born June 29, 1834. Died— —

The old cowman had been ailing for some time. He told a friend, "I'm sick. Dr. Fly has been doctoring me all winter. He thinks I might have Bright's disease, and I'm going to Hot Springs to soak. I think I may die."

December 26, 1900 found him at home on the Rancho Grande. A cold winter rain was coming down hard. The weather had been dismal and harsh for several days.

Pierce complained to a servant that he was feeling very bad, and that night he died. It was the end of the trail for the old cowman. The rains had made the roads a quagmire, so six oxen were hitched to a wagon and the long journey started to Shanghai's final resting place at old Hawley.

There he was buried at the foot of the statue, and to this day it can be seen there in the old family cemetery. The life-size likeness of him depicts him looking off across the endless prairie where he once roamed on horseback among 100,000 head of cattle with his BU brand burned into their hides. ●

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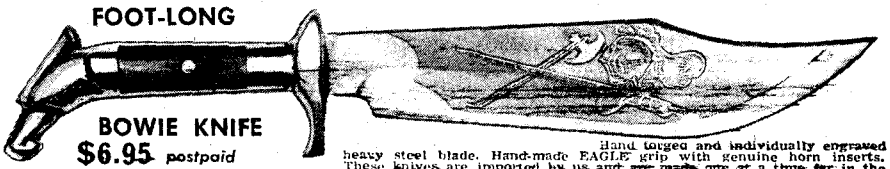

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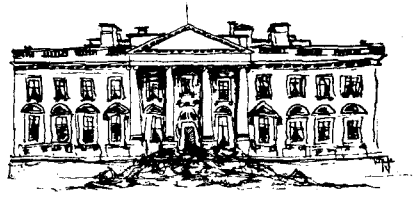

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THE MEANEST MAN

(Continued from page 17)

legally formalized. Emma, on the other hand, claimed to have proof that they had been married by a Lutheran minister in Los Angeles, California six years previously.

Whatever their marital status, each was extremely jealous of the other. Many a night on Larimer street was livened by the strident sounds of another fierce argument taking place between the two. It was not unusual for Moon to slap Emma around during the height of battle, for he often used physical force to emphasize his dominance. To him, brute strength was the best weapon to be used against any adversary, whether of the weaker sex or not.

For all his vile mannerisms, Moon had the knack of talking his wife into taking him back time after time.

Periodically Emma would have her fill of his brutality and move out for a time, but Moon could always sweet-talk her into returning. There were those who later opined that the threadbare condition of the Batione's hall carpets was due entirely to the constant in and out passage of Emma's trunks!

Then the handsome and debonair Clay Wilson arrived in Denver. He immediately found employment with Jim Moon as a Faro dealer at the Arcade. Moon's new employee created no small flurry of interest among the dwellers of the bright lights, female in particular. Clay Wilson possessed the darkly handsome looks and inborn politeness of manner that are so appealing to women of all ages. In addition he was well educated, witty and charming, exhibiting many of the marks of refinement so conspicuously lacking among the majority of the frontier sporting element.

It was said that Wilson was so knowledgeable on such a wide variety of subjects that he could converse with equal ease in a society drawing room or a western saloon. Although this display of plus attributes made women swoon, on men it had just the opposite effect. However, Clay was obviously strongly masculine, as attested to by a six-foot frame of solid muscle and the well-worn gun and holster he buckled low around his waist. The weapon clearly was intended for use and not for ornament.

Soon after his arrival, Wilson took up residence at the Batione Boarding House along with the rest of the Arcade employees, and that tore it. After that it took only about six short weeks for some new whispers to reach Jim Moon's ears, rumors which had to do with alleged goings-on between Emma and Clay.

Actually, about this time Emma and Jim had been living apart for some weeks, following Emma's discovery that Jim had been hanging his hat regularly in the back rooms of one of the "houses" on Denver's notorious Halladay Street. Her rage at such a deliberate affront called for immediate retaliation, so Emma herself started the rumors with a few thinly veiled allusions concerning Wilson's attentions to her. The allegations, true or false, were meant to reach Moon's ears and cause his temperature to rise. In this Emma was only too successful, as later events were to prove.

Moon moved back to the Batione. He and Emma again shared connubial quarters and again began to trade strident accusations of infidelity. But Moon was nursing a growing suspicion of Clay Wilson, and he fed his smouldering resentment with more and more frequent visits to nearby bars. Each whiskey session continued to further sour his already surly disposition, and inflame his hair-trigger temper. Events were moving rapidly on a collision course.

The final explosion was triggered on Thursday, June 16, 1881 shortly after 1 A.M. Emma, disheveled, ran out of the rooming house shrieking that Moon was trying to kill her. But it was still a man's world, for as a police officer later testified, "Moon just wanted his wife to go up to her room and not be following him around on the street. I told her if she didn't keep still I would run her in!" Emma disappeared and the night was still.

An hour later, however, Moon was back stalking the halls of the Batione and pounding on the door of the room Clay Wilson shared with Charles Lundin.

"I'm looking for Emma," he growled when Lundin let him in. "Where is she?"

"Now Moon, you oughtta know she ain't in here!" Lundin soothed.

Glancing beyond Lundin to the other side of the room, Moon spied Clay Wilson still in bed. Angrily he marched over to the bedside and pointed his revolver at the gambler's head. "You're nothing but a blankety blank dog, and I'm here to kill you!" he yelled. "Get up and defend yourself!"

Wilson discreetly said nothing, since he obviously was unarmed. Moon stared belligerently at him for a few seconds, then he whirled back to Lundin.

"You owe me $200, and I want it right now!" he demanded, making menacing jabs with the revolver for emphasis. Lundin hastily reached into his pants pocket and meekly counted out the money, then pushed it toward Moon.

As the gunman took it, he doubled over in an exaggerated bow. "I trust I haven't mortified your feelings, Mr. Lundin?" he mocked.

"Oh, no, Mr. Moon," Lundin hastily assured him. "You couldn't possibly mortify my feelings in the least!"

All this time Wilson had remained an interested but utterly quiet spectator. Moon glared across the room at him, then turned back to Lundin with a contemptuous sneer.

"That damned dog has to fight every time I see him, or leave town," he gritted. "Otherwise I'll kill him!"

Leaving the threat hanging in midair, Moon then slammed down the stairs and vanished into the night.

The next morning Moon was still in a black mood as he sat at a small shoeshine stand just inside the doorway of the Arcade. "That Wilson is too cunning," he muttered darkly over slaps of the bootblack's polishing rag. "I should have killed him. By now he has lived exactly 12 hours too long!"

At that moment Wilson and Lundin crossed the street from the direction of the Batione and entered the Arcade. Each one studiously avoided glancing in Moon's direction, ignoring him completely. This was a deliberate affront which Moon's pride could not endure. Pushing the bootblack aside, Moon followed the two men into the building, announcing loudly, "I'm going to *make* a fight!"

Wilson and Lundin were prepared for just such an eventuality, having learned from experience how long Moon could carry a grudge. "I knew our lives were in danger," Charley Lundin said later, "so as soon as morning came I went and armed myself with a revolver. Jim Moon had a bad reputation and no one could afford to give him any advantage."

Clay Wilson shared this view; that morning he had thoughtfully tucked a Colt sawed-off into his pocket as soon as he pulled on his boots.

Lundin and Wilson were standing at the bar when Moon pushed through the Arcade's swinging doors, spoiling for trouble. Almost as if on signal the cashier, bartender and assorted other employees discreetly faded away from the obvious line of fire. Moon's bloodshot, liquor-bleary eyes fastened first on Lundin as he began a verbal harangue that ended up with several insulting slaps about the face. Here Lundin apparently forgot his earlier resolve, for he exhibited remarkable forbearance toward such rough treatment.

Moon then turned to Clay Wilson. "Do you want any of this?" he sneered.

Wilson made no reply, whereupon Moon treated Clay to an abusive ha-

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rangue also, at the same time making threatening gestures to draw his gun. As he neared the folding doors, Wilson managed to pull his gun from his pocket and immediately began to blaze away at Moon without waiting for him to draw. He fired twice before the wounded man grappled with him, both bullets plowing through Moon's chest. With that same strange vitality which permits an animal to bound for hundreds of yards after receiving a mortal wound, Moon fought for possession of the six-shooter with the ferocity of a crazed beast, holding Clay Wilson in a grip of iron.

During the struggle, while two pairs of arms flailed wildly to secure a more favorable position, Wilson managed to squeeze the trigger with his arms wrapped around Jim's back. Once again a bullet passed through Moon's body. Moon slumped to the floor, but did not give up the fight until his antagonist fired the last and fatal shot. This one struck Moon immediately behind the left ear, broke his neck then spent itself in the floor of the Arcade saloon.

Nothing in the annals of frontier tragedy is more remarkable than the last battle of Jim Moon, waged with animal-like instinct after he had been fatally shot. His own six-shooter was found in his coat pocket, even as his life's blood ebbed away in the gambling parlor which had been his domain. His famous "confrontation theory" finally had failed him when he needed it most!

A sober group of eight or ten men ringed themselves around Moon's body, shielding it from the curious eyes of onlookers until the coroner could arrive. Clay Wilson made no attempt to escape but stood quietly to one side, waiting to be officially taken into custody by the law. Everyone in the room seemed to be almost stupefied with shock and scarcely noticed when Emma slipped in through the back door. She unemotionally surveyed the scene with her fallen master on the floor, then just as silently went out the way she had come. Not a single tear had been shed!

As the report of Moon's death spread throughout Denver, the local newspapers had a field day. "A Full Moon Goes Down in Mid Day" punned the Denver Detective, while the Rocky Mountain News used almost an entire column of headlines to direct attention to their full front page, 6-column spread entitled "MOON'S MISTAKE—The Terror of the Town Winds Up a Spree By Picking a Quarrel With Clay Wilson Who, Maddened by Moon's Threats, Corners Him At the Arcade Saloon, And in About Four Brief Seconds Sends As Many Balls Into Moon's Body. Two of These Are Lodged Under The Heart, Death Resulting Almost Instantaneously. The Causes Which Led To The Shooting Fully Described By the Slayer of Moon. An Interesting Interview With Mrs. Moon, Who Details Carefully and Minutely Her Eight Years of Misery With Her Lord, Mingled With Months of Joy and Sunshine."

In short, the papers had themselves a field day.

By two o'clock in the afternoon reporters were permitted to interview Clay Wilson in his county jail cell. He freely admitted the killing, expressed regret that it had to occur but declined to state whether there was any basis for Moon's jealousy over his association with Emma. It was one reporter's observation that "...he (Wilson) does not seem very much troubled over the affair and evidently believes that it will take a pretty good jury to convict him of killing Jim Moon."

In this Wilson was correct—he went on trial for murder in Sept., 1881, and was acquitted on grounds of self-defense.

Soon after his acquittal, Clay Wilson left Denver. Afterwards, Denverites were to learn that for years he had operated numerous slick con games, primarily throughout the West, and for that he had been required to leave several towns at the insistence of the outraged citizenry. Although he continued these operations, he managed to keep out of the clutches of the law until he attained the venerable age of 69. It was then, finally, that he was detained in Rochester, N.Y. for operating another version of his old "adjoining claim" mining scheme.

Arresting officers were baffled by a well-thumbed little black notebook found in his possession, one whose pages contained column after column of a mysterious code. In the end it was Wilson's own super education which proved his undoing. A college professor determined that the code was a chronicle of every swindle Wilson had worked during his checkered lifetime—but carefully recorded in Greek, Arabic and Sanskrit! As a result of this damning evidence, he served three years in prison. This broke his health and he died in San Francisco in 1917 at the age of 74.

As for Emma DeMarr Moon—despite her cool beauty and flashing diamonds she, too, disappeared from the perimeter of Denver's bright lights. Years later, long after the sensational Jim Moon killing was all but forgotten, it was revealed that a little old white-haired lady who ran a respectable boarding house in the best section of town was none other than Emma DeMarr.

Although Jim Moon had finally been vanquished, he was not soon to be forgotten. The legends would live on as long as there was breath for the telling. Here was a man who had been feared, hated and reviled, yet never taken for granted. All too well had he earned his reputation as "the meanest man in Colorado!"

On June 18, 1881, Jim Moon was buried in an elegant rosewood casket covered with floral offerings, in a simple plot in Denver's Riverside Cemetery. ●

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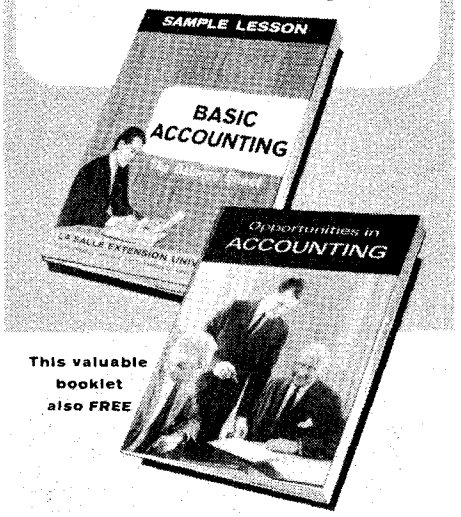

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THE STAR OF OREGON (Continued from page 27)

civilized inhabitants, John McLoughlin, as head of the British fur company, wielded a mighty stick. Monarch of Oregon's 700,000 square miles, his word had been law for 15 years.

He was a generous man, at least with credit. And while he made a fortune in canny trading, he lost a fortune in bad ones.

Then there was Ewing Young—trapper, hunter and adventurer who had accumulated property and livestock enough to wield not a small stick himself! And the Methodist Mission, with its growing membership, threatened even the leadership of the Hudson's Bay Company. A formidable trio!

Domestic livestock, for all but the extremely well-to-do settler, was nearly impossible to obtain. As Gale said, in a full and comprehensive report to Oregon Senator James W. Nesmith some years later, "It is true that there were quite a number of cattle in the valley... held by Ewing Young, the Methodist Mission and the Hudson's Bay Company." But held, he went on to explain, "with such tenacity that it was next to an impossibility to purchase them at any reasonable price. The want of these," he added, "was severely felt by nearly every settler in the Willamette Valley. How to better our cases by supplying ourselves with such animals was a question that troubled and puzzled us all."

Help came from an unexpected source. Commodore Charles Wilkes, in Oregon on a fact-finding tour for the U.S. government, which had not yet claimed Oregon as a territory, was impressed with the plan and agreed to intercede for the group. When he broached McLoughlin, that worthy snorted, objecting vehemently to the qualifications of the men who proposed to carry the idea through.

He said, "... there's Gale at the head, who has been in the employ of the Hudson's Bay Company for several years as a trapper and hunter, and what does he or the rest of them know about the managing and navigating of a vessel at sea?" (Apparently he chose to discount Gale's experience as a ship's captain.)

Wilkes felt differently and expressed his feelings in tones as forceful as those of the stately Scotsman. "Never mind," he retorted, "I have seen enough to convince me that he (Gale) knows what he is about, and if you should have such things as they need, you will oblige not only me, but, I believe, every American in the country by... supplying... them ..."

McLoughlin, who was still a British subject at the time, looked Wilkes square in the eye, seeing more a representative of the U.S. Government than simply an officer of the U.S. Navy requesting credit. Finally, in begrudging tones, he said, "Oh, well, well, they can have as much cordage and other materials as they wish."

Thus was overcome what Gale thought to be the biggest obstacle for construction of their sailing vessel, the first ever built in the Pacific Northwest, and possibly the first ever built on the Pacific coast. She was a 53-foot, clinker-built, Baltimore schooner. And while Joe Gale was an experienced mariner his crew, a motley group of hunters and trappers, didn't know a jib-boom from a taff-rail. Even so, completion of the ship would represent only the first phase of a plan that would require three years to complete, a terrifying sea voyage down the Pacific Coast to San Francisco and a rugged cattle drive back through treacherous Indian country. They had a long, long way to go.

A construction site was chosen on Swan Island, near the present city of Portland and almost in clear view of the Hudson's Bay Company, at what is now Vancouver, Washington. An "ideal stick sufficiently long and sound for her keel" was found on nearby Sauvie's Island. The "stick," a tree 48 feet, 8 inches tall, was "roughly hewed" and taken back to Swan Island where it was put in place.

From that time on the work went well, "... notwithstanding the opposition of the Hudson's Bay Company," which, Gale wrote, they had anticipated. In fact, he said, "no piece of work ever met with more discouraging prospects."

At one point Felix Hathaway threatened to walk out, stating that a scarcity of provisions, and the association's inability to pay for the work he'd done, were his main complaints. Somehow, though, all problems were surmounted, and on May 19, 1841 the ship's hull, planked up to the water line, was launched "without the slightest accident!"

From Swan Island she was "worked up" the Columbia and Willamette Rivers to Willamette Falls, (at present Oregon City.) Joe Gale, in keeping his part of the bargain, moved his family to Champoeg, sold his home and joined his comrades downstream at the falls. Going further, he and Kilbourne, an excellent mechanic, finished the remainder of the work alone—the decking, the painting, the masts and the sails. Her ironwork was done by the famous Oregon gunsmith, Thomas J. Hubbard, about whom Gale said, "a gentleman to whom more honor was due than he ever received for his services... to the early settlers of Oregon."

They named her *"Star of Oregon."* When the sailing craft was finished Gale said, "she was 48-feet and 8-inches on the keel and 53-feet and 8-inches overall... and drew, when in good ballast trim, 4-feet, 6-inches of water. Her frame was of swamp white oak, her knees were of seasoned red fir roots, her beams and carlins were of seasoned red fir timber. She was planked with clear cedar planks dressed to a plump one-and-one-quarter inches, which was spiked to every rib with a wrought-iron spike one-half inch square, driven through a three-eighths hole...

"She was what is generally called a fore and after; that is, she had no topsails, but simply a foresail, mainsail, gib and flying gib. Her spars were made of the straight fir sticks and consisted of foremast, fore topmast, mainmast and main topmast, and bowsprit and flying jib-boom." She was then painted black, with "a white ribbon running from stem to stern."

On August 25th, 1842, Joe Gale took leave of family and friends, went aboard and took command. On the 27th she got underway for a shakedown cruise up and down the Willamette River. On the 29th, at the juncture of the Willamette and Columbia, Gale reported, "We got underway and shot out into the Columbia with the wind blowing a half-gale."

He went on, "We worked up... to Fort Vancouver (Hudson's Bay Company), not because we had any need for so doing, but merely by way of taunting the inmates and showing our little beauty to them. The flag that Commodore Wilkes made us a present of had not yet been hoisted. The breeze was all that could be wished for. Our vessel was performing admirably, and just as we made the last stretch, with the flag in readiness, we ran so close to the bark Vancouver that we nearly touched her. Then the word was given, 'Helm Alee!' and as she spun around on her keel the Stars and Stripes were hung flauntingly in the face of those British tars!"

For 19 days Gale drilled his raw crew to the rigors and routine of life aboard ship, nursing, as he went, the entire ship's company for seasickness.

On the 12th of September, at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, he gave orders to "away anchor," and the little vessel, riding a handsome breeze, slipped over the treacherous Columbia River bar and headed due south.

The *Star's* muster listed John Canan, Pleasant Armstrong, Ralph Kilbourne, Jacob Green and a little, 10-year old, Indian boy, (whose name we do not have.) In addition she carried one reluctant passenger, Charles Pfeffenhauser, bound for Bordagos and claiming to be a relative of J.A. Sutter.

Fearful that his green crew would become deathly seasick, it was several hours before Gale could muster courage

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to tell them they were now on the mighty Pacific. None of the men, according to Gale, even "knew the compass, to say nothing of steering by it in a heavy seaway."

For 36 hours straight Gale stood at the helm, afraid to trust another soul at the wheel. On top of it all, the *Star* ran into a fog bank so thick observation of the sun was totally impossible for three days. By the time Gale was able to compute his location, the little ship was well south of Cape Mendocino.

There he discovered he'd made an error in latitude, amounting to 28 miles, which he explained as "the difference between account and that of observation of the sun." Running for Point Bass, he waited until he could hear the beating of the surf on the shore, then dropped anchor to disembark his passenger.

The next morning, Gale said, "we made sail and ran along the coast as near as we dared, the fog still as dense as ever. I soon found, by the sound of the surf, that we had rounded the cape and hauled in closer to shore, when all of a sudden, there appeared a rock within less than a cable's length of us. We just had room to tack ship and clear it. This made me so mad with Pfeffenhauser, who had been whining the whole passage and accusing himself of his folly for embarking..."

On the morning of September 17th, after 5 gruelling days at sea, often reaching a top speed of 11 1/2 knots, the *Star of Oregon*, in fog as thick as ever, dropped anchor in San Francisco Bay. The gloom that had engulfed the crew now lifted and there was great rejoicing. As for the skipper, he said, "Columbus himself could not have felt happier when first he solved his great problem than I did at this time."

Ashore, Gale presented his papers, supplied by Commodore Wilkes, for acknowledgement. The next day, when the fog lifted, the ship that seemed so large there in the Oregon woods now seemed tiny as it made its way among the great merchant ships, looking for its assigned berth. After she had tied up, several skippers from other ships paid her a visit.

"Oregon! Oregon!" one of them said, searching his memory for the name. "I'll be damned if there's any port by that name on any of my charts!"

The little vessel was traded in short order. As the men walked down her gangplank for the last time, Joe Gale hauled down her colors, folded them lovingly, and tucked them under his arm. Now congregated on the pier, the trappers and little Indian boy, all of them dressed in buckskins, stood watching the *Star's* new crew scurrying up and down the gangplank, loading her with fresh supplies. Though they had cursed her and kicked her—to compensate for their own shortcomings—at that moment she seemed, somehow, worth far more than the 350 cows they received for her. When her new colors had been run up, and waved gently in the ocean breeze, Gale broke the spell.

"Well," he said, "we'd best be going. Oregon's a long way off."

Now it was fall, as the Oregon pioneers walked up the long, wooden pier toward the busy hamlet of Yerba Buena. With something less than 200 buildings and 800 inhabitants, it would be another 5 years before the name would be changed to San Francisco. (It would be another 6 years before the Sloop-of-War, Portsmouth, would slip through the Golden Gate, drop anchor in the bay, hoist the American flag and claim the territory for the United States.)

Gale, reasoning it would be fool-hardy to start for Oregon before spring, suggested that each man should find work for the winter, then rendezvous on Cash Creek in the spring.

He told them, "Knowing that without a company of more than four men (Kilbourne decided to stay on in California) it would be a dangerous undertaking, and believing there to be several of Chila's party adrift in the country, and also several sailors, I sent out written circulars to different parties describing Oregon and its immense advantage to them."

Apparently, the advertising campaign did the trick, because by mid-May 42 men, "all bringing more or less livestock," appeared on Cash Creek. When the drive began, there were 1,250 head of cattle, 600 head of mares and mules, and nearly 3,000 head of sheep.

As Gale sat atop his pony, looking out over the waiting throng of animals and men, he thought of the Star and where she might be. Then he realized the adventure was coming to an end, with Oregon far better equipped for animals than anyone had dared dream.

With only moderate losses, the drive came to an end 75 days later. As Gale and his men rode into the Willamette Valley, a half-continent away a wagon train was forming on the banks of the Missouri River. Civilization was on its way. In his report to Senator Nesmith, Gale summed up the adventure in these words, "This result was brought about by the undauntable wills of a few men, now forgotten..." Then, almost as a postscript, he said, "There is one thing certain, it done away with the stock monopoly."

That it certainly did. But he was wrong about the other thing...those "few undauntable men" will not be forgotten! ●

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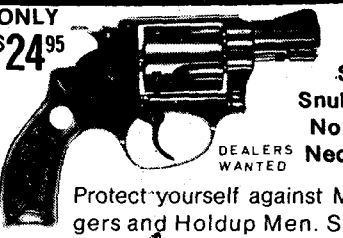

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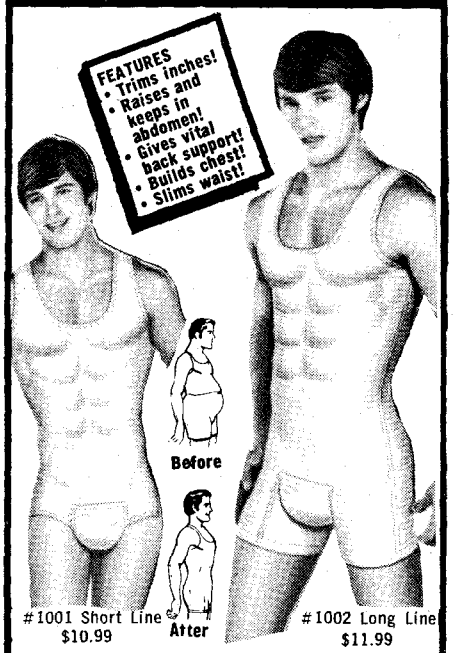

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THE 14-KARAT LOVES

(Continued from page 41)

Augusta for a divorce. He told her frankly that he wanted to marry Baby Doe. Augusta refused and turned down all of his offers of money.

Augusta had been aware of the affair between her husband and Baby Doe almost from its start. Back in December of 1880 she had purchased a third interest in the Windsor where Horace lived. She checked on the hotel often, since Horace had moved Baby Doe from Leadville to Denver and installed her in the Windsor. Augusta was in and out of the hotel so often, it is certain she must have seen her rival there.

Augusta went to Europe in 1881 for a brief stay. When she returned she refused to sell her interest in the Windsor even though Horace offered to buy her out. He considered her comings and goings in the Windsor a nuisance. But she refused to sell, just as she refused the divorce he kept asking for.

In the meantime Tabor was seriously being considered for a Senate seat in Washington. President Garfield had been shot to death in 1881 and Chester A. Arthur became President. He appointed Senator Henry M. Teller to a cabinet position leaving a vacant Colorado seat. Governor Pitkin of that state appointed a man by the name of George Chilcott to fill the spot until the legislature should meet in January of 1883. At that time two senators from Colorado would be elected, one for a six-year term and the other to the 30 days remaining of Teller's term. Tabor had high hopes of gaining the six-year term and it was the opinion of all his friends that he would be appointed because he was a popular and powerful man in Colorado.

Tabor had completed the Tabor Opera House in Denver by that time and was to be honored at the grand opening. Augusta swallowed her pride and begged him, in a letter, to be allowed to attend with him and also to be taken to Washington with him when he became senator. This letter came to light after Baby Doe's death. Whether Tabor answered or not is not known, but Augusta was not on hand for the opening. Baby Doe, wearing a heavy veil, sat in the orchestra.

It was in the spring of 1882 that Augusta filed suit for $50,000 per annum for support. She specified that Tabor was worth $9,410,000. Although the suit was branded as illegal and thrown out of court, the publicity hurt Tabor badly.

In 1883 Augusta finally agreed to sell her interest in the Windsor to Bill Bush. And finally, she agreed to give Tabor the divorce he had long sought of her. She settled for $300,000 and staged a tearful scene in the courtroom, weeping that her divorce was not willingly given. She requested permission to keep Tabor's name and was granted that privilege. In spite of Tabor's infidelities, Augusta loved him with all her being.

When the legislature acted Tabor was offered the thirty remaining days of Teller's term, he accepted, and left for Washington immediately. He and Baby Doe planned a gala wedding in the nation's capital. And that's exactly what they had —a wedding that made headlines all over the nation.

When the happy couple returned to Denver after Tabor's term in the Senate ended he purchased a fine home on Capitol Hill for his girl bride and gave her three carriages and six fine horses. Baby Doe wore costumes to match the carriages when she rode over the streets of Denver.

Baby Doe expected Denver society to welcome her with open arms, but she was sadly disappointed. No one called or invited her out. Finally Augusta came, saying she thought if she broke the ice others would follow. But it made no difference, for Denver society ignored Baby Doe.

Miss Bancroft writes in her story of Augusta that she nurtured the hope that Baby Doe would tire of her aging husband and leave him. Had it happened, Augusta was ready always to take him back. But her hopes were in vain, for Baby Doe stayed with Tabor and bore him two beautiful daughters.

For years the Tabors lived high on the hog, entertaining celebrities and spending money right and left. Horace had interests far and wide. He had a half interest in the First National Bank in Denver, owned an iron mine on Breece Hill, gold mines in San Juan, placer mines in Park County, toll roads, smelters, grazing lands, a whole forest in the Honduras and real estate in Denver, Leadville and Chicago.

And then came 1893 and the great Silver Panic. In no time at all H.A.W. Tabor was stony broke. All of his mines including the famed Matchless were suddenly worthless. The Denver banks failed and his cash was gone. Tabor was hard put to pay even his grocery bill. Penniless Horace and Baby Doe and the two little girls moved to a cheap apartment and Horace, now past 65, found a job wheeling slag in a smelter at $3 per day. The Matchless was shut down and its shafts filled with water.

It was when Horace hit bottom financially that Augusta was sure Baby Doe would leave him. She even made plans to take care of him in his old age. But Baby Doe fooled her. In fact, Baby Doe fooled practically everyone who knew her. She accepted her lot without complaint and stuck by Tabor's side, encouraging him, helping him in every way possible. She kept assuring him that his fortune would flourish again and he would be a rich man. Finally, Senator Ed Wolcott, a friend of Tabor's, influenced President McKinley to appoint Tabor post master of Denver at a salary of $3,500 annually.

In the meantime Augusta had sold her home on Broadway, (it was part of her divorce settlement), and moved into the Brown Palace Hotel. Her son Maxcy was one of the managers there, but she was unhappy. Her health grew bad and then worse, and she went to California, hoping that the climate there would heal her infirmities. But she grew worse and in Pasadena in 1895 Augusta Tabor died, loving her Horace to the end of her life. She was 62 years old and a wealthy woman.

She left her money to Maxcy. He brought her remains home and laid her to rest in Riverside Cemetery.

Four years after Augusta's death Horace passed away of appendicitis. His last words to Baby Doe were, "Hang on to the Matchless. It will make millions if silver ever comes back."

Baby Doe buried Horace Tabor in Mt. Olivet Cemetery in Denver, so even in death Tabor did not rejoin Augusta.

Baby Doe heeded her husband's dying words and held on to the Matchless even though it brought her no revenue. Finally, because she was penniless, she moved into the old shaft house of the mine and there she lived as a recluse for thirty years, ever believing that the Matchless would some day bring her riches again. When her boots wore out—and she was too poor to buy more—she wrapped her legs in burlap against the bitter winter cold of Leadville. In 1935 she was found frozen to death in the mine, her legs wrapped in the burlap she had worn so many years as her badge of poverty. She was laid to rest beside Horace Tabor.

In every way Augusta Tabor was an admirable woman. It is sad that she lost Tabor whom she loved so dearly to the end of her life. Her loyalty, thrift, determination and hard work helped make him one of Colorado's greatest millionaires.

Augusta was possessed of the kind of courage the new land needed. A great pioneer, she did indeed help win the West. She truly merits space in the saga of the frontier, for she was a heroine in the full sense of the word. ●

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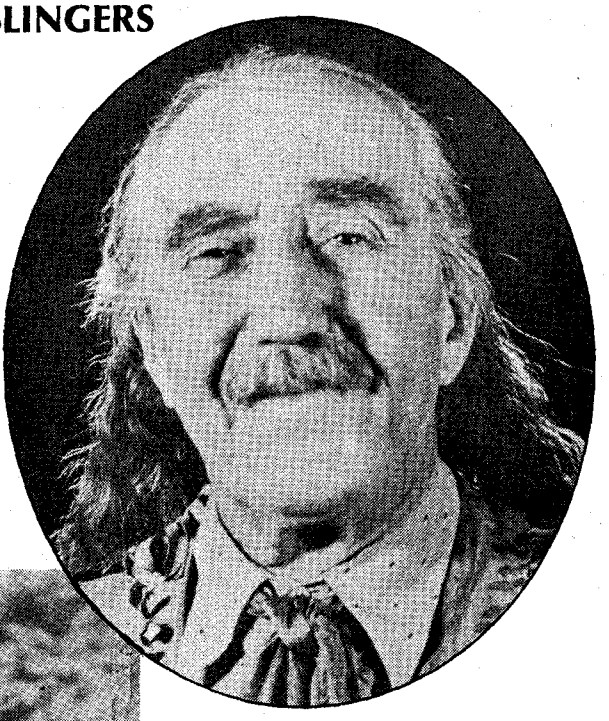
REAL LIFE GUNSLINGERS

(Continued from page 37)



Bronco Charley Miller (right) starred in pictures produced by Buffalo Bill Cody (below) and continued in movies after Cody got out of the film industry. Cody, a pioneer film maker, started his movie career in 1913 when he shot one-reelers on the Pine Ridge Indian reservation.

about Al Jennings would have fit nowhere else but in a Mack Sennett slapstick comedy. Neither Charley Chaplin nor Fatty Arbuckle could possibly have fumbled more at either bank or train robbery. His mishaps would have left even the more sober minded movie audiences rolling in the aisles.

Al, after reading Ned Buntline novels by the score, had, in 1897, decided to try robbing a train. He, with a red bandana covering his face and three men at his back, successfully halted a Santa Fe express near Edmund, Oklahoma. But, sadly, the express messenger recognized the leader and moreover, knew him to be no more harmful than a riled up black snake.

He refused—absolutely—to open the express car. He coldly ignored the Colt six shooter which Al put beneath his nose. What'd these fellows think he was? Some kinda damn fool? He knew them just playing games.

Al was still trying to figure out what Jesse James would do in a situation like this when the conductor came running up from the caboose. He was wildly waving a lantern and shouting to the top of his lungs. The gang, believing him a lawman, decided to hit for the high country.

Al Jennings' outlaw career proceeded just so for the next several years. But the facts are no doubt familiar to every reader. Here it's enough to say it was just one long string of fiascos. His several attempts at bank and train robbery netted him less than 40 dollars.

It's not hard to imagine what resulted. Even after being paroled from prison Al remained the laughing stock of the frontier. He was regarded—and rightfully—as a plainsland Don Quixote tilting at windmills, no more genuine than the drug store cowboys sipping quinine water in Hoboken, New Jersey.

Seeking relief from frustration, Al took to the pulpit. On Sunday evenings he worked himself into a frenzy. Again and again he shouted HALLELUYAH to the heavens above. He was indeed grateful for having been saved from a life of crime.

Al was still shouting to glory when a young and talented writer named Will Irwin popped up on the frontier. As chance would have it, Irwin was searching for a real life hero to blow up in the

(Continued on page 58)

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REAL LIFE GUNSLINGERS *(Continued from page 57)*

Lone Eagle (left), the "White Sioux", lived a life that could easily have fit into any book about the old west. In films he portrayed what he was, a white Sioux. Tex Cooper (below), was a real life sheriff who played that role in Gene Autry movies.

pages of SATURDAY EVENING POST. He didn't want just another Jesse James or Buffalo Bill. These men, long dead and in their graves, provided material for the penny a liners. He wanted a real life hero who later could appear in a moving picture based on his story.

This news left Al wildly excited. He wasted no time in chasing down the talented Irwin. He, while wildly waving his arms and desperately flashing his eyes, built himself up as the last of the old time badmen. Irwin was so fascinated that he, without doing the least bit of research, went straight to his typewriter.

A few months later, BEATING BACK was playing in movie houses all over the country. The few Oklahomans attending had trouble recognizing Jennings. The character up there looked like Al but...

There all resemblance ended. This character was anything but a bumbling failure. Bolder than Robin Hood, more gallant than Galahad, he rode fearlessly across the plains, robbing banks and trains. His pursuers, helplessly outclassed and pathetically cowardly, were left behind in a cloud of dust.

The picture rated Al his long desired notoriety. He became known throughout the land as the most fearsome western badman. Just the mention of his name was enough to make hearts quake with terror.

All went well until Bill Tilghman saw BEATING BACK.

That former deputy United States marshal who'd brought law and order to the Indian Nations left the theatre in a rage. He'd never before in his life been so humiliated. This was without doubt the most misleading spectacle ever to appear on a movie screen. It presented the marshals as cold blooded killers and the outlaws as gallant heros. Al Jennings appeared swathed in the green habit of Robin Hood and forced by circumstance into a life of outlawry. It was enough to make a show goer knowing the true story choke on his popcorn.

"YES!" Bill now found himself bellowing into the telephone. "BUT A LOT OF FOLKS DON'T KNOW THE TRUE STORY! A LOT OF FOLKS ARE ACCEPTING ALL THAT BUNK AND HOGWASH AS FACT!"

E.D. Nix, formerly the head marshal and Tilghman's superior, was on the opposite end of the line.

"Just what you suggestin'?" he demanded.

"Makin' our own movie. Makin' a movie that will tell the real story. That's the only way we can be sure all this stuff doesn't go into the history books. That's the only way we can be sure."

This was true and Nix knew it. He agreed that they should begin production immediately on a movie telling the true story of THE PASSING OF THE OKLAHOMA OUTLAWS. They'd set up a Hollywood type studio near Chandler and bring in cameramen. They'd give the real low down on Al Jennings!

The news sent Al into a rage. "They'll never do it!" he screamed. "They'll never do it! Somehow, someway I'll stop 'em."

Early one morning a stranger who looked to be a character from out of the past showed up on the set. Short, squat, with fleshy jowls and a walrus tusk mustache, he wore a black frock coat with string tie to match. The tops of his ruffled trousers were stuffed into worn boots. He had two six-guns strapped around his waist and carried a Winchester repeating rifle.

E.D. Nix, upon hearing of the stranger's presence, became overly excited. Who was he? And what was his purpose there? Could Jennings possibly be foolish enough to try egging some "mad man" into an assassination attempt?

Nix wanted the answers to these questions—AND IMMEDIATELY! He ordered his special policemen to arrest and disarm the man. He wanted to see him in his office.

"You go along, too," he ordered Tilghman. "This fellow just might be crazy enough to start shootin'."

A few minutes later Tilghman found himself experiencing the surprise of his life. Rather than a paid assassin, the stranger was one of his oldest friends. It was Chris Madsen—the peace officer who had helped him to bring law and order to the Indian Territory.

"What in hell you doin' here?" Bill demanded, after calling off the policemen.

"Heard you wuz makin' a motion picture. Thought I might get in on the fun."

"Nix is in charge here," Bill said. "But I'm sure he'll find a place for you."

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A scene (left) from the Ned Buntline drama "Scouts of the Prairie" included (from left) Buntline himself, Buffalo Bill Cody and Jack Omohundro, otherwise known as "Texas Jack." Some of Cody's movies were based on Buntline's novels. Chris Madsen (below), who helped bring law and order to the Indian Territory, came running when he found out Bill Tilghman was making a western movie.

He did indeed. Nix agreed to let Madsen play his own part. And then he came up with the idea of letting other such characters play themselves.

The old time marshals and desperados at first sniggered and balked at the idea. "This here play actin' stuff" was okay for "fellers like Al Jennings." But they'd never be persuaded to paint up their faces and strut before cameras.

Then Nix announced what the wages of motion picture actors averaged. They were paid far more than peace officers. Some even earned as much as $100 a week.

Before a new dawn could arise Chandler was overflowing with former peace officers. Bud Ledbetter, John Hale, Griff Graham, Caleb Brooks—these were each and all there—more than ready to play their own parts.

Charles Francis Colcord, who'd formerly been federal jailer at Guthrie, served as technical adviser. Since turning in his badge and guns, he'd become known as "Oklahoma's First Citizen." He'd bought widely in Oklahoma City property, then ventured out into business and finance. He'd helped establish a bank which still exists today and founded the town's very first savings and loan corporation. He'd also "brought in" the famous Glen Pool oil field near Tulsa. His assistance, quiet naturally, proved valuable in the movie production.

Bud Ledbetter showed the audience how he'd captured the Al Jennings gang. He'd bet Bill Tilghman $25 the feat could be accomplished by one man alone. Then, through informants, he learned of a road over which the gang was soon to pass. He'd waited in the underbrush for their approach. Boldly, armed with a double barrel shotgun, he stepped into their path. He threw down the muzzle and found the entire gang surrendering. He marched them one and all into the nearby town of Muskogee.

Other dramatic episodes depicted the raid on the outlaw town of Ingalls, Bill Tilghman's capture of Bill Doolin, and the chase after Henry Starr. Not surprisingly, it became one of that year's most exciting pictures.

Just as the company was going into

(Continued on page 60)

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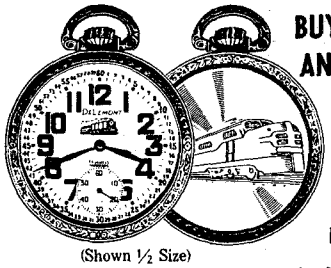

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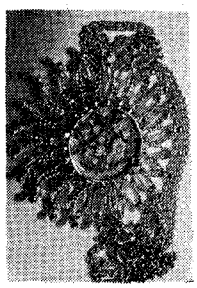

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REAL LIFE GUNSLINGERS

(Continued from page 59)

production on its final scene a wild rider came galloping down from out of the high country.

"HEY THERE!" he shouted. "THE BANKS HAVE BEEN ROBBED! BOTH OF 'EM!"

It had indeed happened. The Henry Starr gang had just rode into nearby Stroud, Oklahoma and succeeded at a feat which the Dalton gang had failed to accomplish—robbing two banks simultaneously!

They successfully executed the two robberies but ran into trouble in the streets beyond. Just as they backed from the banks gunfire erupted. Alerted citizens were firing from roofs and windows.

Henry Starr, before mounting, jerked his six gun. He took dead aim at one of the courageous citizens. But before he could fire, another volley of gunfire rang out. Someone was opening up from behind barrels across the street.

It was a 14 year old boy named Paul Curry. He had been on the street when the battle started. He hurriedly ducked into his father's store and grabbed a rifle. Then he returned to take cover behind the barrels. He took one shot and saw his target fall. The bandit was hit in the left thigh below the hip. Yet he whirled in the dust to face the barrels.

"Don't try it!" young Curry warned. "Do so and I'll kill you."

The youth's voice rang with sincerity. Starr didn't doubt him. He threw his pistol into the street.

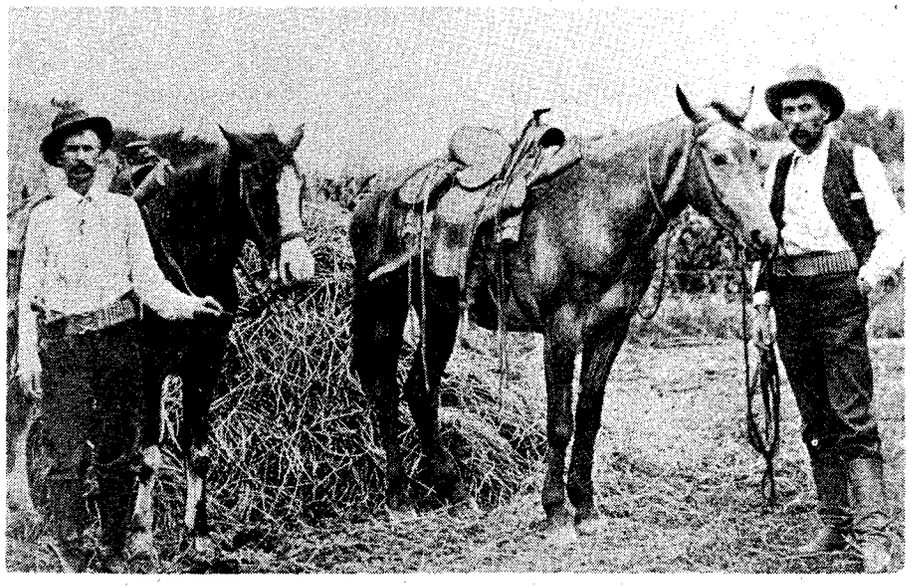
By then Curry was firing away at the gang. With another shot he dropped Lewis Estes from the saddle. The bad man, along with a bag of greenbacks, landed in the street.

But the others got away, thus accomplishing a feat heretofore considered impossible. They had robbed two banks simultaneously in the same town.

Bill Tilghman has been pictured as swinging into the saddle the minute news of the holdup reached his movie lot. He supposedly rode at breakneck speed until reaching Stroud. There he took command of a posse and went galloping away after the robbers. One by one he tracked them down.

None of this is true. Stroud was 14 miles from the movie lot. Tilghman did not get on the scene until after the posse had already departed.

Bill did move his movie cameras into Stroud. He set up a location on the town square and began shooting actual scenes. His cameramen were on hand when the posse returned with three members of the gang. They "kept 'em rolling" while these were placed behind bars.



Pinkerton agents Charlie Siringo (left) and W.O. Sayles helped break up the Kid Curry-Butch Cassidy gang. Siringo was one of the frontiersmen who did not meet success in films although he went to Hollywood.

They were immediately tried for the robberies. Starr was found guilty and sentenced to 20 years imprisonment. Young Paul Curry applied for the $1,000 offered by the state for his capture.

Governor Williams gladly paid. This made possible his living up to one of the promises of his election campaign. He'd pledged his administration to bringing an end to the last of the strongarm outlaw gangs. Now, at last, they were experiencing success.

Williams, not surprisingly, refused even to consider Starr's petition for parole. But the year, 1919, dawned to find him abandoning the state capital. Newly-elected J.B.A. Robertson was taking over.

Starr's friends had helped to elect Robertson. The new governor thus signed a pardon at almost the very moment a recommendation reached his desk. He also refused to allow authorities from Bentonville, Arkansas to extradite the former badman for a robbery of 25 years before.

Henry, while behind bars, had kept in touch with the outside world. He knew that several of his fellow gunslingers had successfully launched careers in motion pictures.

A producer named W.C. Martin couldn't see any reason why not. He immediately sold Henry on the idea of making a series of western movies. They together formed the Pan American Motion Picture Company. (The state of Oklahoma granted the newly-founded corporation permission to sell $120,000 in stock. Starr bought one fourth interest. Martin, however, was farsighted enough to maintain complete control over the company).

Fall of 1919 found production beginning on "A DEBTOR TO THE LAW." For Henry it was almost like a return to the Owl Hoot Trail. Once again he was galloping across the plains and prairies with a score or more men at his back. Once again he was shooting up the towns, robbing the banks, and halting the trains. The only real difference was the lack of danger.

But just like in real life he was riding hell bent for destruction. By the time the film footage was nearing its end his trail had led him into Stroud. They were now ready to start the final scenes.

In Stroud awaited many of those who'd taken part in the actual battle. The same bank officials were on the scene and the same people on the street. Almost all the same people—including even young Paul Curry.

Henry Starr had proudly shook the hand of the youth who'd previously shot him from the saddle. He asked that he play himself in the movie. Curry, no doubt hoping for a career in the new medium, agreed.

The movie created a sensation. All across the nation it showed to sellout houses. Henry Starr, the former badman, seemed on his way to becoming a big movie star.

W.C. Martin, wearing a Brooks Brothers suit and puffing on a Havana cheroot, announced to the press that they intended to make more pictures. They planned to throw up a regular studio on the Sand Springs Road near Tulsa. There would be a street of false front saloons, a wild horse corral, and a makeshift railroad depot. There they hoped to turn out some real epics.

In the weeks to follow Martin made the eyebrows of Hollywood producers raise. He did just as boasted. He began production on a second picture entitled "EVENING STAR" starring the reformed outlaw, Henry Starr. It was better by far than most westerns of the day.

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Outwardly, Henry seemed on his way to becoming a famous actor. But behind the closed doors of Pan American Studios all was not going so well. He had been guaranteed $15,000 for the part played in EVENING STAR. But now, as the movie went into theatres throughout the country, he found himself unable to collect a cent.

Martin, even while wearing fashionable clothes and cruising the streets in a custom built European convertible with a pair of steer's horns as long as your arm on the radiator, claimed himself losing money. The producer avoided Henry's threats of court proceedings by suggesting they move their set into Arkansas.

"What?" Henry cried. "You know better than that! I can't go there! I'm still wanted there."

Martin smiled knowingly. He did know better. That was exactly why he was moving into that state...so as to make possible the pocketing of his "outlaw friend's" profits.

Now the former outlaw became more furious than ever. "Thievery!" he screamed. "That's what it is! Outright thievery!"

A few days later Henry tried to get Robertson to revoke Martin's movie making license. The governor refused, saying that he'd done all possible for the badman. He would already have to answer to the voters for having pardoned the most active bank robber in history!

This remark hit Henry in the face with all the cold impact of a wind blast sweeping down from out of the Rockies. That was indeed the game he knew best. Bank robbery! He was more adept at that than play actin'!

Again vengeful toward society, he reorganized the old gang. As site for a raid they picked the town of Harrison, Arkansas. That area was already shook by excitement. For the past several years a railroad strike had been in progress there. Both disputing factions were bringing in strangers—hired gunslingers. An outlaw gang could easily ride in without attracting suspicion.

So Henry thought. Sadly, he was wrong. He did indeed get inside the bank. But then was shot down by one of its past presidents!

They brought his body back to Bartlesville. He lays today, buried in the old Dewey cemetery.

Even while the Harrison gunfire was echoing off into the distance more and more noted frontiersmen were hitting the trail for California's golden coast. The movie industry had long since settled there. They, with saddles polished and blankets neatly rolled, went galloping off toward Hollywood in search of destiny. Before the kleig lights they hoped to turn a fortune.

Few ever enjoyed even a single encore. but some did. Tex Cooper, the tall, rawboned fellow who played the sheriff's role in Gene Autry westerns, was an example of the lawman turned actor. He had served as a pioneer sheriff of Sherman, texas.

An even stranger example of the genuine frontiersman turned movie star was Lone Eagle, the White Sioux. He lived a life that would easily have fit between the pages of a Zane Grey novel. His parents, George and Emma Shuster Maine, during the 1880's jointly received a call from above to the ministry. they immediately decided to devote their lives to bringing Christianity to the Indians of our far western plains.

With this in mind, they went to live among Big Elk's Sioux in the Black Hills of North Dakota—those who for more than a decade had been persecuted for their part in the Custer massacre on the Little Big Horn River in Montana. They left behind in the care of relatives their only son, five year old Floyd Shuster.

While teaching and preaching among the Indians the Maines fell prey to a smallpox epidemic. Both died almost immediately leaving behind a newly-born baby. Chief Big Elk took the baby into his home and raised him as a son. He named the adoptee "Lone Eagle" after a brother who had been killed in the battle at the Little Big Horn.

Lone Eagle thus grew up among the Sioux, learning well their way of life. Later he became a stockman and provided horses for William S. Hart movies. From time to time he did a bit of acting, portraying just what he was—a white Indian.

Charley Siringo, the range detective who broke up the Butch Cassidy-Kid Curry gang, was one frontiersman not so successful in Hollywood. His years there were spent with pockets as empty as those of a stove-up cowpuncher. But he nevertheless found his experiences amusing. Just before his death he wrote to a friend:

"I live within walking distance of the watering hole on Cahuenga. The place between Sunset and Hollywood Boulevards. I go there often, just to see the cowboys and cowgirls, to size up their silver mounted spurs and high domed stetsons. These bring back memories of the old days, although such hats and girls wearing pants were not seen back then."

It was Tom Mix who introduced the big white hat and cartwheel spurs. He helped make the Wild West a land of make believe. Like Ned Buntline, he felt such necessary for the romance to be preserved. But that didn't mean he was unfamiliar with the real frontier. He'd brought law and order to some of its more turbulent boom camps. •

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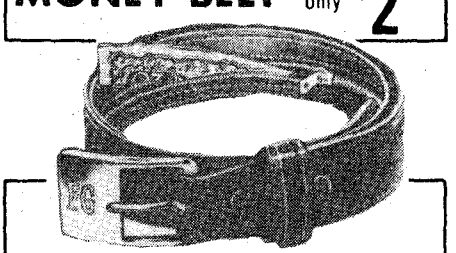

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THE WIND WHISPERED DEATH

(Continued from page 25)

through the timber.

This was a situation he could handle and not of the nether world. In a matter of seconds he rolled closer to the tree bole, then over and out on the opposite side. As he stood onto his feet the thud of a running horse reached his ears.

Sprinting to his own mount, he leaped into the saddle and tore off in hot pursuit. At the end of half a mile no sound whatever echoed on the air. But he was almost on the fleeing one's course, and within minutes found his horse tracks.

Sign led on through the timber, thence into the mouth of Denetso Canyon. The sandy floor had drowned the rider's noise, and the short defile ended in a box of deep stone walls. Whoever fired the bullet could not escape.

Warily, he progressed up against the east wall. The canyon kept narrowing. Towards the end among huge stones as high as a standing man he found his quarry. Dismounted, Lesley Lehi stood beside a block of sandstone, gaping at him in wide-eyed fear. He shook badly and reaching for a rifle leaned against the rock side, seemed not to possess the strength to lift it.

Leaving the saddle, never taking eyes off him, Senijeni advanced accusingly. "So, you are the evil one!"

"Go ahead and kill me!" Lehi cried out brokenly. "I saw you, and knowing, tried to make one good shot!"

"You sought to slay me yesterday also, but with an arrow!"

"I only shot at you just now!"

Senijeni began growing puzzled for Lehi did not speak like a guilty witch should. "Where is your coyote skin and head?"

Lehi blinked his eyes several times, his mouth slacking apart. "Strange words from you," he mumbled.

"What are you doing here?"

"I learned that Old Woman Dohi had received the death token. So I thought by watching when her sheep paid over I could kill the witch when he came to get them."

"Yes?"

"I saw only the form of a man lying under some brush. Nothing to tell me it was you!"

"But you took me for the witch, when you know that I am trying to make him stop the terrible things he does."

Lehi began to laugh jerkily as if unusually relieved. The situation would not end in death for him after all. A serious mistake had been made but it wouldn't culminate in disaster. "I didn't know you. Only feared that having failed to slay a witch my turn to die had come. You were there for the same purpose!"

"Time to leave. While we loiter here the witch has taken Schema's sheep and gone."

Even though the situation seemed accounted for, Senijeni did not become careless as they rode back to where the sheep had been left. Of course they were gone. Tracks of whoever took them away were made by moccasins. Dismounting, Senijeni examined them carefully. This set was smaller than those seen the day before.

The two men followed sign, Lehi assuming the leading role. Frequently he dismounted to study sign, pointing out telltale evidence missed from the saddle. All their efforts went for naught. By noon they had lost the trail. Too many bands of sheep grazing widespread tracked it out.

Before they parted Lehi remarked, "Perhaps we should ask for help of the *salawa* (police)."

Senijeni laughed in sarcasm. Pointing out that agency police would get nothing from tightly buttoned lips, he continued on home.

Two hours by sun that afternoon Lehi arrived riding like a mad man. Senijeni met him outside the hogan. Very badly disturbed, Lehi jumped off his lathered horse while still in motion. Crying, he rushed up to throw his arms about Senijeni. The commotion brought out the latter's wife, two married daughters and a son.

When able to speak coherently Lehi gasped out, "I have killed Old Woman Dohi!"

Disengaging himself from the stricken man, Senijeni rolled a quirly, "Tell me."

"I will pay blood money as is the custom!" Lehi rushed on. "Even if she was justly suicided!"

"Tell me!"

Drawing a deep breath, Lehi continued in a calmer voice. On reaching his hogan, he found a witch's warning. It was an hour-glass figure chalked on his wagon with one corner open. It might have been there several days before discovery. Since his time could be short he feared to do less than pay off a second time. Cutting 25 sheep out of his flock he drove them to the same place where Old Woman Dohi left her own sheep that morning. Withdrawing as if going home, he had circled back and gone into hiding.

"Then coyote came," he concluded. "I fired and missed. But my second bullet struck. Coyote fled. I pursued down into Denetso. There I found coyote dead from my last bullet. I went to where the skin-clad one lay, and lifted off the mask. Coyote had turned into a person again. It was Old Woman Dohi!"

What to do about this terrible thing? Senijeni remained in hard silence a long time, and Lehi began talking in a rapid flow of broken words. He professed deep sorrow, claiming that had he even suspicioned the identity of the alleged witch, no death dealing shot would have been fired. Many excuses were offered as he defended himself.

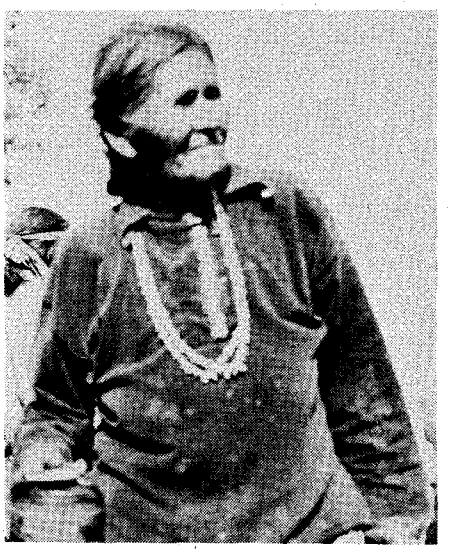
Glancing at the sun, Senijeni finally cut him off. "We will say nothing of this for now. I will do what is necessary for Schema."

Ordering his family to keep the knowledge from all he got a shovel, saddle and rode to Denetso Canyon. Shadows were beginning to steal across from the high walls when he reached the spot described by Lehi.

To his wonder no body lay there. Only a coyote skin cape complete with a head mask large enough for the wearer to see through the eye holes. Deepening shadows prevented a search for ground evidence. Inspecting the witch's garment he found no bullet holes in it. Then he buried it in a grave-sized hole, piling stones over the flattened surface.

In a puzzled quandary he reached Old Woman Dohi's hogan in the new night. Her sheep were noisy in the corral, and she sat in the hogan. The grandson huddled to himself, crying silently. She appeared unharmed but very grim.

Senijeni said quietly, "Lehi told me that he killed you and I buried the witch's coat."



Old Woman Dohi believed she had received the death token, and two men nearly killed each other when each thought the other the witch.

Her mouth opened, and then closed against telling him. He talked to her in a gentle voice, and at last the story came in a bitter flow of words. They had been grazing the sheep homeward about mid-afternoon when a rifle bullet whined by close to her head. The grandson was on the far side of the band with the dogs and her horse.

Astonished, she looked around. A second bullet whipped past her head. At last she realized someone actually sought to kill her. Instantly she tore into the timber growing nearby.

Thinking to hide in the cedars, she discovered a pursuing rider. Fleeing on, she darted into the mouth of Denetso Canyon

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seeking refuge in the rocks. She never heard the third rifle crash, knew about it only while regaining consciousness. The grandson having tracked her down, poured water from a *tosjhay* over her face. She discovered herself encased in a coyote skin cape, the grandson having pulled the head mask aside. Getting out of it quickly she examined her throbbing head. The third bullet had cut through the hair and skin above the left ear. The blow only stunned her, otherwise Old Woman Dohi escaped injury.

"The witch came after me for what we did to the sheep," she concluded. "Thinking me dead, he pulled the coyote skin over me so that I would be made to take the blame for his evil!"

Senijeni sent the grandson on his horse for one daughter and her husband.

When the story was told to them the son-in-law exclaimed bitterly, "Lehi is the witch!"

"Maybe not. He did not mention firing a shot in the canyon. He found Schema lying there and thought her dead by his hand. The real witch must have fired the last shot."

Then he unfolded a bold plan. This group would remain with Old Woman Dohi. They would herd the sheep, blacken their faces and observe the usual four days of mourning while she hid out.

This they did, but were interrupted on the third day. Agency Policeman John Daw arrived with two others, policemen Bitce Cody and Salawa Bidta. Senijeni discovered their approach in time for the family to clean their faces of black marks.

He cautioned, "Their interference will do no good for no one will tell them of the witchcrafter. Let us be safe."

Meeting them outside the hogan he gave greeting and shook hands as they dismounted singly.

"We heard the bad news," Daw spoke gravely. "The one who lived here has gone."

Certain none of the family had disclosed the purported death of Old Woman Dohi, Senijeni pretended to be puzzled.

"This I do not understand."

"Old Woman Dohi?"

Senijeni led them into the hogan. Surprised, each policeman in turn walked forward to shake hands with the supposed victim. She was a greatly respected matriarch of Black Mountain. Following an exchange of the amenities they withdrew with Senijeni.

Daw turned on him. "We heard at the Tuba City agency she had been killed. We also hear of many strange things going on. I want you to tell me about them, my friend."

"There are times when it is wise to keep one's own counsel."

Long did Daw stare at him, before inclining his head thoughtfully. "We will talk to others about this witchcraft matter."

The police visited many hogans during the next few days. As foreseen, they drew only a denial of all knowledge. Tongues remained tied in knots of fearful apprehension. Self-preservation would keep the witch inactive while police were around. Realizing this, Senijeni took the opportunity to ride to Redlake trading post.

Finding the trader's band of sheep bought from Navajos, he questioned the herder and examined recent purchases. He rode on to the post, waiting for a chance to talk to trader Samuel S. Preston alone. Leaving out all unnecessary details he gave bare facts concerning the witchcrafter.

"These two bunches are marked secretly and will identify him when he sells to you."

The trader nodded solemnly. "But I buy so many sheep it is going to be difficult examining them all for special marks."

"I have in mind the witch will recut earmarks into his own," Senijeni replied. "The scabs will have fallen off before selling but the healing cuts will be noticeable."

Preston smiled widely, nodding his head. "I will send for you when they show up!" Since a witchcrafter always disturbed a trading area he also was anxious to dispose of the evil one.

Setting out for home Senijeni hoped his plan would produce results soon. Passing north through the sand hills from Red Lake, he entered open prairie glades on Black Mountain. Being five miles from home and probably out of danger he grew unwisely careless.

Suddenly the wind whispered warning of danger against his ears. The sensation caused him to slow in alarm. Then he heard the "thwack!" of a bullet as his horse shook beneath him, and next the echoing crash of a rifle. The second shot was a clean miss, for his horse was plunging sideways. Diving out of the saddle, he jerked the booted rifle free. He lunged under the nearest juniper tree, flattening out in the process.

He lay there breathing hard with excitement, listening for any possible sound. No further action followed, so he crawled out on the far side under another tree. His horse had quit threshing his legs in death throes and lay right side up.

When ten minutes passed he began to suspect the would-be killer gone. But as he tensed his muscles to crawl on, he went suddenly motionless, staring between two close-set trees beyond. Beyond them grew purple sage. Above it revealed in bright sunlight was the large head of a watching coyote. It did not move while undoubtedly searching everywhere for him.

Carefully Senijeni eased the rifle forward and aimed while resting on his elbows. As the shot rapped on the clear air the furry head vanished backwards. Leaping to his feet Senijeni ran forward, levering another cartridge into the firing chamber.

Then he halted abruptly as a coyote skin-covered figure appeared, upright, to be running away. Another shot halted the witch in his tracks. Senijeni sent two more into the man's back, and watched him collapse without uttering a single cry of mortal pain.

Walking forward unhurriedly, he stopped ten feet off. The man lay on right side, denim clad legs and moccasined feet protruding from beneath the coyote cape. The masked head lay thrust sideways over the fallen rifle. This was the witch, who, learning that he had gone to Redlake followed to kill. He could not know what he told investigating police and dared not take risks. Therefore he pursued to kill the witness certain to denounce him.

A few yards away in the timber a tied horse thudded hooves against the ground fighting flies. To the right, riders off the trail crashed through brush in their hurry to reach the scene of gunfire. Daw showed first, leading the other police in.

They stared briefly at the prone figure before dismounting. It was Daw who unfastened the coyote head mask and pulled it aside to reveal a man's dark brown features.

He moved to Senijeni's side. "We talked to him this morning. He seemed most anxious to run the evil one down. Perhaps we told him too much in order to gain his help. You knew the witch was Lehi all the time?"

"I could not be certain until seeing the coyote head above the sagebrush," Senijeni replied.

He explained that by pointing to a piece of belly white fur under the right ear. The head mask being made large enough to wear by a man had been pieced out with it. He noticed it while burying the cape. Some dirt still clung to the fur, evidence that it had recently been dug up. Daw agreed on the deduction, saying they had also told Lehi that Old Woman Dohi wasn't dead.

In desperate anxiety Lehi must have rushed to the grave, got the cape and come after his mortal enemy. Wearing it would drive off any Navajos who spotted him going about his devilishness.

Lehi was buried on the spot, and Senijeni rode his horse with the police to the dead man's hogan. In the family flock they found all the marked sheep. A futile attempt had been made to remove the dye, proving that somehow he learned they had been marked. The family disclaimed all knowledge of Lehi's witching activity. But the two small daughters herding the flock said that sometimes they were ordered to drive to certain places to pick up sheep their father claimed he had traded for them.

After Lehi's end there was no more mysterious witching on that part of Black Mountain. Navajo families settled down to living in pastoral peace. ●

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mixing drinks, I say to myself "Thank God for leading us in the right path."

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OLD TIMERS CORNER

(Continued from page 6)

"No way," I told him.

So in I go and he said, "I have acquired the Silver Dollar Bar and I need a man to run it as I can not tend bar and take care of the bank at the same time. So I'll tell you what I will do. I'll loan you the money to buy the bar and take the bar and the stock as collateral for the loan. That way you do not need any cash but will pay me interest on the loan."

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When I went home out to North Durango where I lived I told my dear wife, "Well, our troubles are over. I've got a paying business. A business that can't lose." Then I told her what it was.

She called the boys up around her and said, "Honey, is that the way you want to raise your children?"

Well, naturally I was pretty mad. I said, "Would you rather I'd work like a dog and half starve them while you washed their ragged little clothes on a board?"

She said, "To be honest with you—I would far rather."

I went to the bank next day and told the banker the deal was off. He just looked at me and shook his head.

As time went on we had two more children, two little girls for which I will also be ever thankful.

Now as I observe my children, who are all fine men and women who honor their father and mother, and also our dear Chuck, when I see him up there in the pulpit leading the singing in church instead of behind some bar with a cigar in the corner of his mouth

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INTERESTED IN: Life and times of pioneers.
WANTED: Anyone. Likes to hear about the "everyday" man. Also from people who really helped build the west.

FRED McMAHAN (68)
Box 83
Elgin, Okla. 73538
INTERESTED IN: History, pioneer days and early west.
WANTED: Anyone with same interests.

BILL MERRILL (13)
8513 Edgemere
El Paso, TX. 79925
INTERESTED IN: Horses, rodeos.
WANTED: Anyone interested in bowling, skating, coin-collecting, anything that's fun.

KEN JENKINS (47)
P.O. Box 143
Chesapeake, Ohio 45619
INTERESTED IN: Western and old movies.
WANTED: Women interested in old movies, swimming, camping and western history.

TERRIE RUSCH (17)
2932 North Carroll St.
North Las Vegas, Nevada 89030
INTERESTED IN: Country music, horseback riding, cowboys and Old West.
WANTED: Clean-cut cowboys interested in swimming, riding, music, singing, dancing. Not over 23 years of age.

CLIFF HOLMQUIST (46)
528½ North Dallas
River Falls, Wisc. 54022
INTERESTED IN: Old West, nature, Custer, Indian culture, pioneers.
WANTED: People interested in similar things.

SPECIAL NOTICE

Because of the interest expressed by our readers in contacting other readers of GOLDEN WEST and THE WEST, we are starting a Penpals column. If you'd like to hear from folks with similar interests, just clip out this form, fill it out, and send it to "Penpals", Stagecoach Publishing Co., Box 58, Rockville Centre, N.Y. 11571. Penpals will contact you directly since your address will be listed. If you want to contact any of the people requesting Penpals—do not send your letters to this magazine. We want to hear only from people requesting penpals. There'll be no charge for listing you.

Name: _____

Address: _____

City: _____

State: _____ Zip: _____

Age: _____

Special Interests: _____

_____

_____

Want to hear from: _____

Interested in: _____

_____

_____

_____

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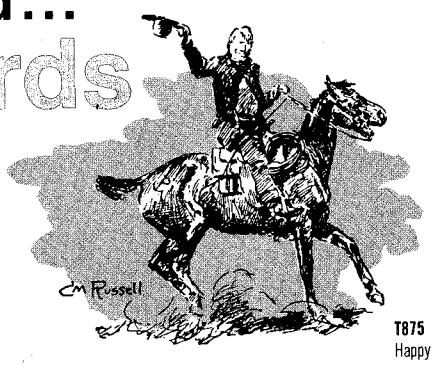
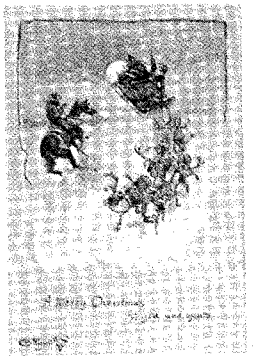


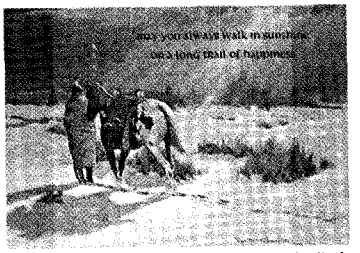


T875 "A Merry Christmas To You and Yours" — Happy Holidays and Best Wishes, etc. — **C. M. Russell**

732 A Cowboy's Christmas Prayer — May the eace and Good Will of Christmas, etc. — **Snidow**

T835 Christmas Foal — With Best Wishes for Christmas and the New Year — **Goodwine**

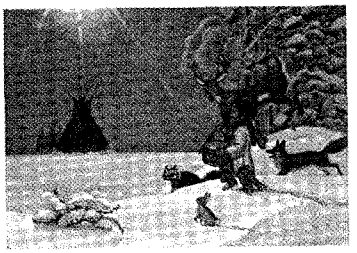
T856 Tree Cutting Time — Merry Christmas and Happy New Year — **Meyers**



T811 Walk In Sunshine — May the Great Spirit of Christmas bless you, etc. — **Wagoner**

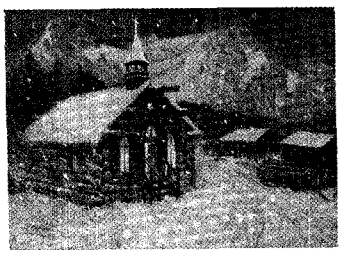
715 Peace in the Valley — May the Spirit of ristmas abide with you, etc. — **Thomas**

T718 Greetings from Our Outfit to Yours — With Best Wishes at Christmas, etc. — **Salisbury**



T825 The Little Indian Drummer Boy — May Christmas bring the music of laughter, etc. — **EchoHawk**

T766 "Never too cold for kindness" — Merry Christmas and Happy New Year — **Moyers**

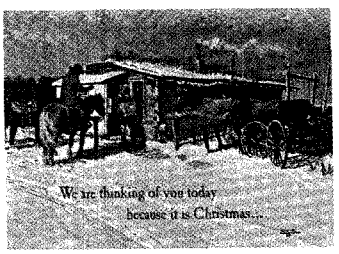


80 Christmas Eve in the Old West — Wishing you Blessed Christmas and New Year — **Stahley**

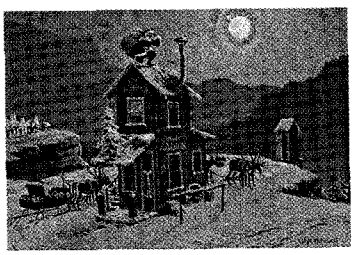
T657 Ridin' In to a Warm Welcome — Merry Christmas and Happy New Year — **Hampton**

T833 "Thinking of you this Christmas Day..." — With Best Wishes for the Holidays, etc. — **Carter**

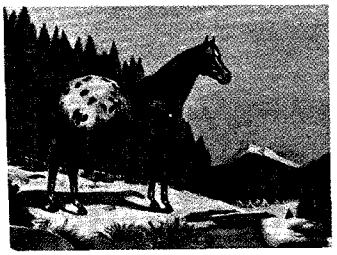
T950 Adoration at the Manger — May you have the Gladness of Christmas, etc. — **Touraine**



22 The Spirit of Christmas — We are thinking of u today because it is Christmas, etc. — **Lougheed**



T817 The Night Before Christmas — Best Wishes for a Merry Christmas and Happy New Year — **Mitchell**



55 Appaloosa Chief — Merry Christmas and ppy New Year — **Marble**

T814 The Lights of Friendship Glow — Merry Christmas! — **Nicles**

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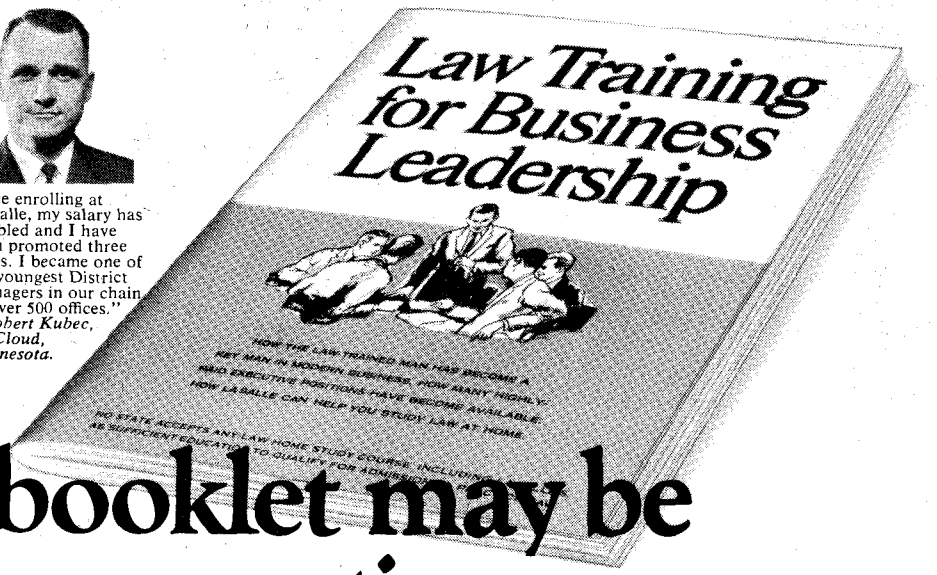

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